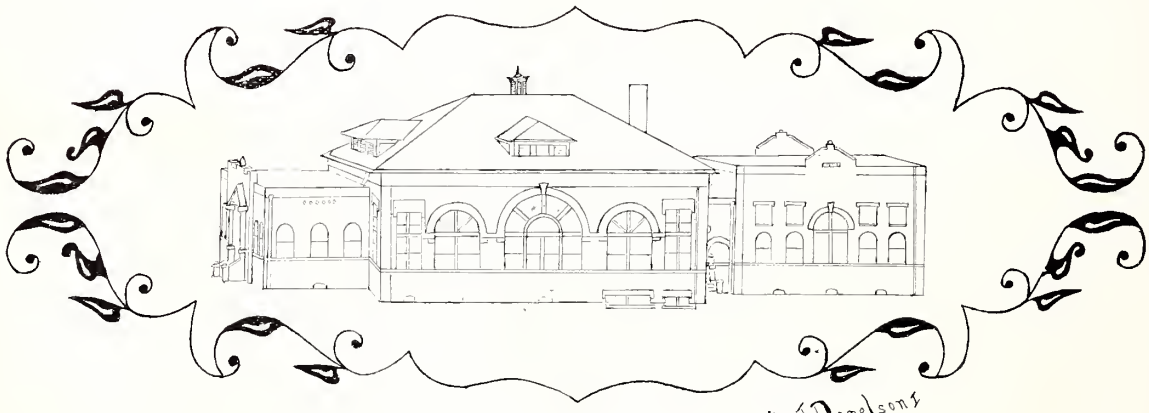
MUS-KITO



A. J. Donelson

1909

M. U. S. H

K I T O

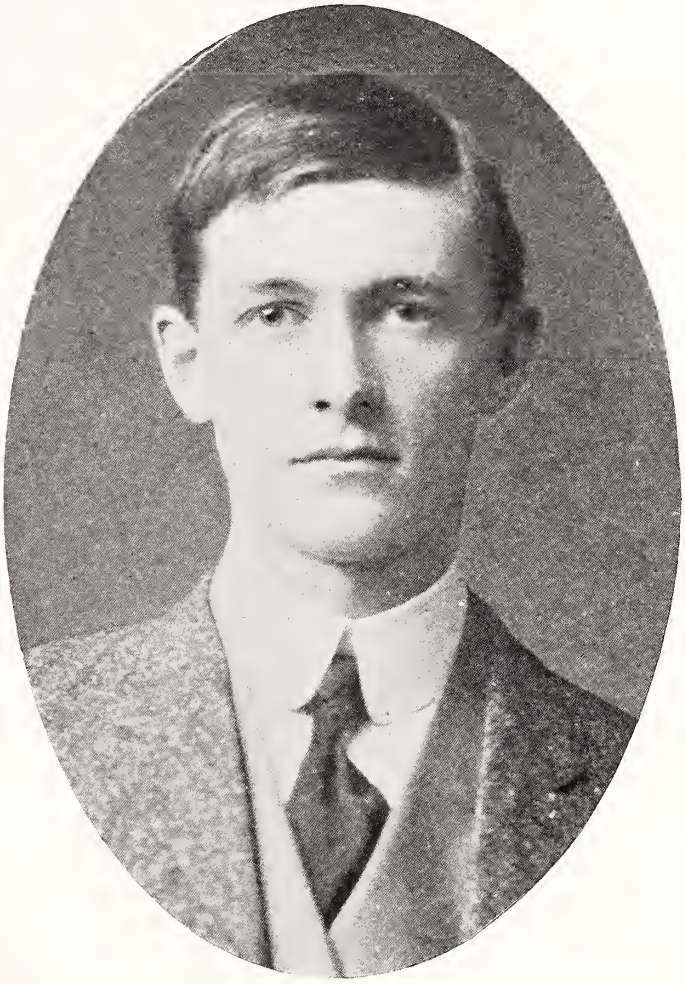
Fourth Volume

M C M I X

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE
MEMPHIS UNIVERSITY SCHOOL
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

DEDICATION

To the Editors-in-Chief of the University School Topics and M. U. S.-Kito who, with zeal, earnestness and ability, achieved success for their respective publications, and made them exponents of the real purpose of the University School, this, the fourth volume of M. U. S.-Kito is affectionately dedicated.



JOHN DONELSON MARTIN.

Editor-in-Chief University School Topics, 1900-01.

M. U. S. ALPHABET.

A—is is for All, who come to M. U. S.
B—is for Brown, who works us all our best.
C—is for Curry, our critic in debate.
D—is for Dunn, our lady of sad fate.
E—is for Eckert, who captains our foot ball.
F—is for Fatty, of all the boys most small.
G—is for Grant, of value much o'er par.
H—is for Hunter, of basket ball the star.
I—is for In, the place to stay from rain.
J—is for Jones, who always tried again.
K—is for Knock, which you should never do.
L—is for Lemon, who has the largest shoe.
M—is for Miller, a man quite versed in math.
N—is for Northcross, a boy who makes you laugh.
O—is for Orgill, a brother of our "Tub."
P—is for Pearson, our good old country scrub.
Q—is for Quit, which I must quickly do.
R—is for Rhea, our friend in English, too.
S—is for Smits, who helps us learn our math.
T—is for Taylor, as thin as e'er a lath.
U—is for Ugly, which *we* are not at all.
V—is for Vain, which *you* us sometimes call.
W—is for Will, the foe of all the dirt.
X—is for—my, you know you must not flirt.
Y—is for Young, our shark in all our work.
Z—is for Zeal, which *we* must never shirk.

—*W. C. B.*

JOHN HAMIL POSTON.

Editor-in-Chief University School Topics, 1901-02.

THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

As I sat within my study,
'Neath the dimly burning light,
I lis't in silent wonder
To the voices of the night.

They spoke to me of Heaven
Of the wonderful, the fair;
They spoke to me of ancients,
And the beauties that were there.

They seemed to whisper gently
And to try to tempt me on;
And my soul, it strove within me,
As the voices whispered on.

They filled my heart with longing,
And there came before my sight
A vision of an angel,
Bathed in celestial light.

My soul, it strove the harder,
As the vision passed away,
My heart was wracked in anguish,
And my lips began to pray.

I heard a church bell ringing,
More dimly burned the light,
My ears, they ceased to listen
To the voices of the night.

—*A. Donelson.*

CHARLES HAYDEN ALBRIGHT.

Editor-in-Chief University School Topics, 1902-03,
And M. U. S.-Kito, 1902-03.

W. SPARR.

ALBERT BRUCE CURRY.

Editor-in-Chief University School Topics, 1903-04.
And M. U. S.-Kito, 1903-04.

AT THE FOOTBALL GAME

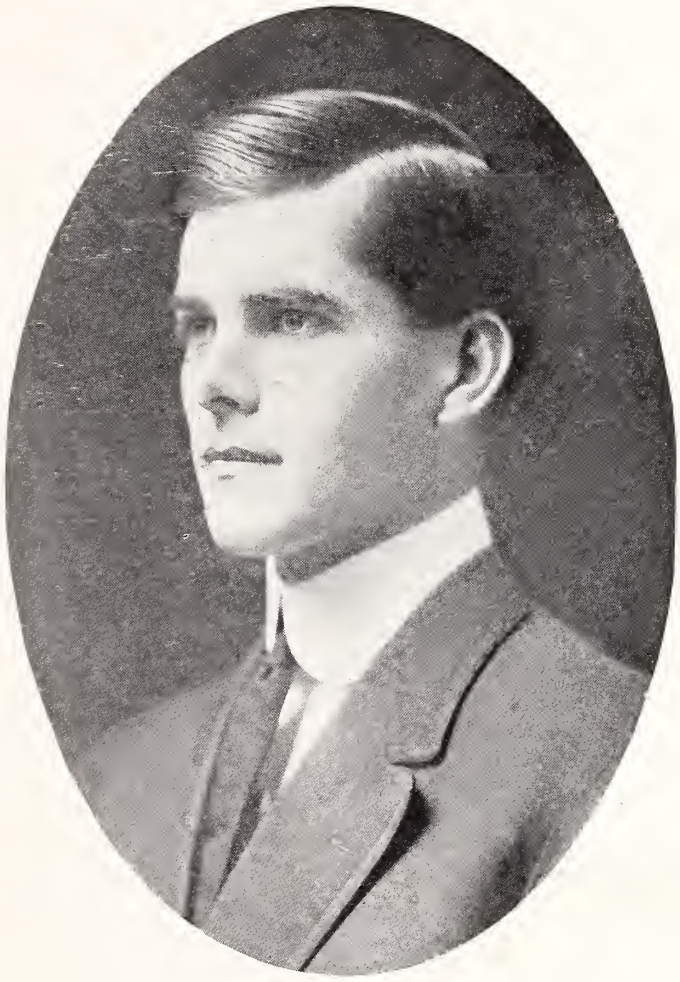
MILES BUDDEKE.

Editor-in-Chief University School Topics, 1904-05.

Al Jones

JOHN GIBBS ALBRIGHT.

Editor-in-Chief University School Topics, 1905-06,
And M. U. S.-Kito, 1905-06.



MAURICE WOODSON.

Editor-in-Chief University School Topics, 1906-07.

HAWARDEN
'07

ROBERT GOODWIN HEARD.

Editor-in-Chief University School Topics 1907-08.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

One warm day I sat in the Hall Reed-ing Latin, I had just come to the word "Dies," when Kennedy chunked a railroad Bond and hit me in my Wright eye.

Hearing the sound of an automobile I rushed to the window, and saw a Block of wood in a benzine buggy rushing down the street at a 4:30 clip. Seated beside him (not the clip) was a beautiful Ball of fur and silky Brown M. U. S.-Kito netting.

Walking along the sidewalk was a Hunter with a Beard a foot long. Raising his bluderbuss (loaded with fat meat and beans) he shot a Taylor-bird.*

Hearing a voice in the room, I had half turned around when an Apple,-white on one side, hit me on the Loeb of my ear. The Marksman was a Carter, driving a sausage wagon. Being exceedingly angered, and the Sites of the Town(es) not interesting me, I went up stairs and began Reed-ing again.

All at once I heard the Bell ring, and running again to the window, I lost my footing and was precipitated Fais-on through the casement. I shut my eyes, thinking that I was Dunn for. Suddenly I rebounded from something very soft, and turning a flip, I sat down on the asphalt with the tune of "The Star-Spangled Banner" rising in my ears. When the music had ceased and a few accompanying visions had departed, I raised my eyes and saw that the thing with which I had come in Con(n)tact was a human being, delightfully rotund.

"Beg pardon?" I remarked.

"Grant-ed, sir, Grant-ed," he replied, nervously. And rising with much effort, he recovered his Busby** which had been playing "peek-a-boo" behind a Rosenfield Busch.*- placing it on his head, he resumed his way, and I watched him as he waddled along, his head hanging forward and his fat, red hands swinging like the pendulums of an ancient clock.

Then in great pain I crawled miserably into the house, and amid the Love-making of the Pidgeons, I got in bed and fell asleep.

While asleep I dreamt that I lay across the top of a long Spar(r), and that a ponderous pile-Driver descended at close intervals upon my latter part.

*A Taylor-bird is one that takes your measure.

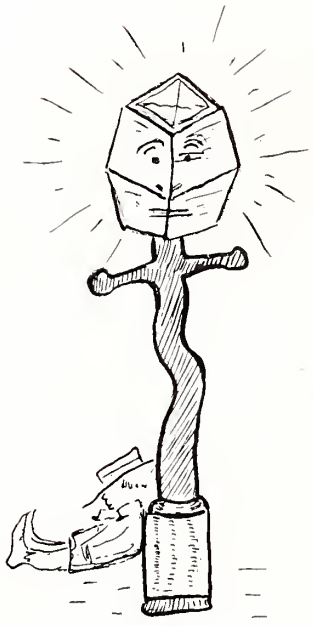
**A Busby is an historic head-gear which the German officers wore while playing push-pin.

*-The Rosenfield Busch was first discovered by Prof. Rosenfield. A. G., M. P., 4211, B. C.

—*A. Donelson.*

ROBERT EDWARD McKELLAR

Editor-in-Chief University School Topics, 1908-09.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

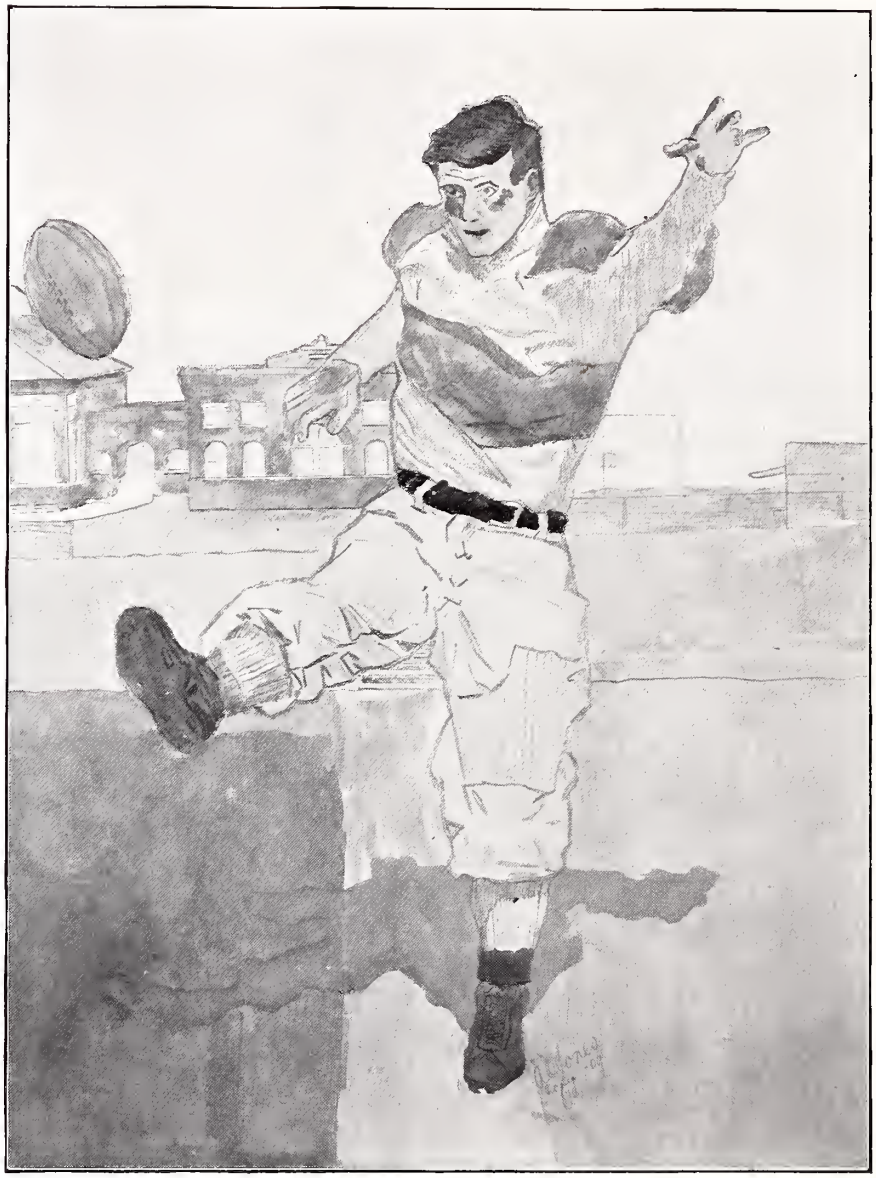
Tho I am old and twisted and bent,
My services I have often lent
To him who nightly comes my way
With rolling gait and guilty sway.

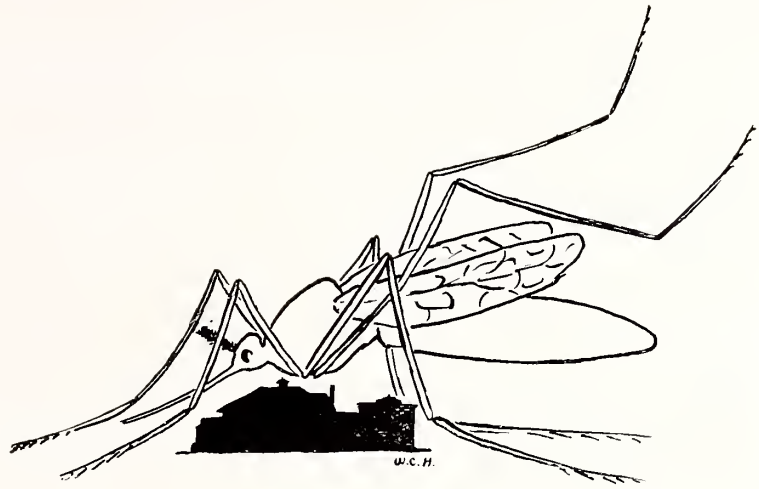
And as I never walk "you see,"
I have to stand aside and wait
To keep men out of the gutters, foul
When home they come so very late!

—*H. Mooney.*

WILL COOKE BOONE.

Editor-in-Chief M. U. S.-Kito, 1908-09.





GREETING

It was with a great deal of temerity and a sense of our own incapacity that we, the staff, undertook the preparation of the fourth volume of the M. U. S.-Kito. For two months we have labored as best we could and in what time we have been able to spare from our studies.

The school has responded nobly to our frequent calls for assistance. Poets have unexpectedly developed, story-writers have appeared on all sides, and artists have arisen, as it were, from the ground. To all of these we are grateful, and duly return our thanks.

One of the principal objects in preparing a school annual is to produce a book that will last for a life time and serve as a constant reminder to the alumnus of the pleasures and privileges of his school life. This we have endeavored to do by the photographs, grinds, personals and, in fact, all the departments of the Annual.

Now, in presenting this volume to the public, we desire to express again our consciousness of our own inability and to crave your indulgence for any mistakes or blunders that you may discover. We wish to extend our grateful thanks to the students of the University School who have helped us in any way to get out the Annual; to the kind merchants and business men of the city who have given us advertisements; and last, but not least, to every one who, by subscribing, has made this book a financial possibility.

Full many a day of unremitting toil,
  Full many a night of ceaseless work severe,
Each one of us did find to be required
  That you might have an Annual for this year.

Nor do we grudge a single labor hard;
  But freely grant them with a joy supreme
In giving you by feeble efforts ours,
  From life at school that which we think the cream.

Now pray forbear to laugh us all to scorn;
  Think kindly of the faults that you may find;
And if, perchance, these pages bring back joy,
  Recall the happy days of nineteen nine.

CALENDAR

1908

September 23—Fall Term began.
September 29—Athletic Association organized.
October 3—Football game with University of Mississippi.
October 10—Football game with Y. M. C. A.
October 24—Football game with College of Physicians and Surgeons.
October 31—Football game with Ogilvie Training School.
November 7—Football game with Union University.
November 14—Football game with Fitzgerald and Clarke School.
November 26—Thanksgiving Holiday began.
—Football game with Memphis High School.
November 30—Thanksgiving Holidays ended.
December 17—Glee Club organized.
December 23—Fall Term ended.
Dance to Football Team.

✣ ✣ ✣

WINTER VACATION

1909

January 4—Winter Term began.
January 8—City Basketball League started.
January 12—Topics Staff elected.
January 15—Literary Societies organized.
January 23—Basketball game with Union University.
February 1—Annual Board appointed.
February 13—Basketball game with Fitzgerald and Clarke School.
February 20—Basketball game with Union University.
March 19—Winter Term ended.
March 22—Spring Term began.
March 25—Tennis Club organized.
March 26—City Basketball League closed.
April 3—Basketball game with Memphis High School.

SPRING VACATION

April 8—Basketball game with Fitzgerald and Clarke School.
April 9—Baseball game with Union Training School.
April 10—Baseball game with McTyre Institute.
April 17—Baseball game with Memphis High School.
April 30—Baseball game with McTyre Institute.
May 1—Baseball game with McTyre Institute.
May 7—Baseball game with McTyre Institute.
May 8—Baseball game with McTyre Institute.
May 15—Baseball game with Memphis Hospital Medical College.
May 22—Baseball game with Memphis High School.
May 24—Spring examinations began.
June 1—Spring Term ends.

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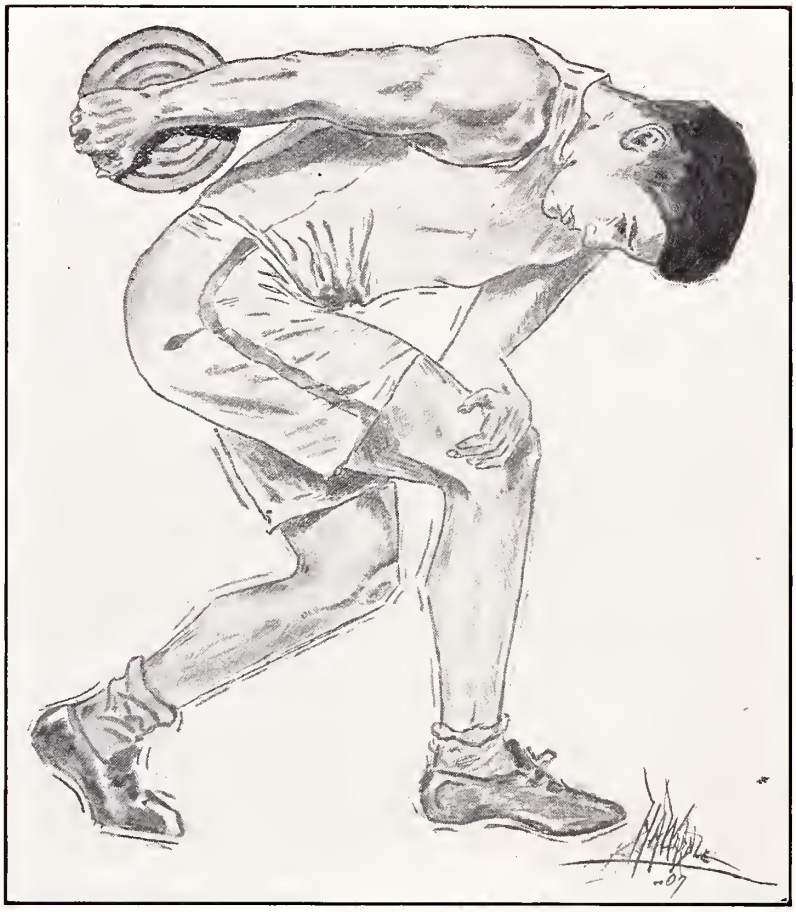
SUMMER VACATION

September 22—Fall Term begins.

N.Y.S.P.



The Faculty

PRINCIPALS

EDWIN SYDNEY WERTS.

JAMES WHITE SHEFFEY RHEA.

INSTRUCTORS

EDWIN SYDNEY WERTS, A. B.
(University of Virginia, University of Chicago)
Instructor in French and German.

JAMES WHITE SHEFFEY RHEA, A. B.
(Hampden Sidney College, Va.)
Instructor in English.

HOWARD GEORGE FORD
(University of Virginia)
Instructor in Greek, French and German.

PHIPPS MILLER, C. E.
(University of Virginia)
Instructor in Mathematics.

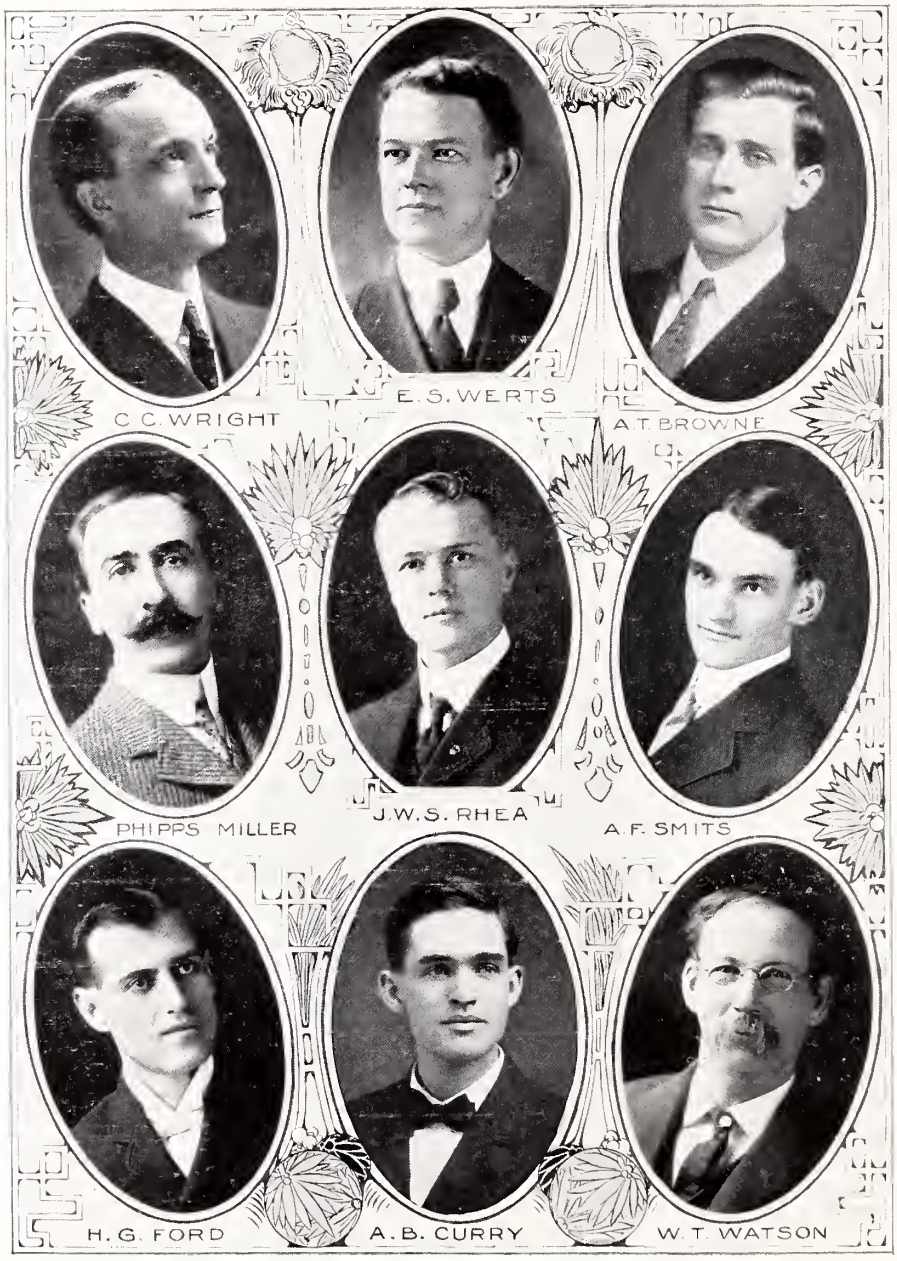
ADRIAN FLOYD SMITS, A. B., A. M.
(Wabash College, Vanderbilt University)
Instructor in Mathematics and Physics.

CHARLES CHRISTOPHER WRIGHT, A. B.
(University of Virginia)
Instructor in Latin.

ALBERT BRUCE CURRY, Jr., A. B.
(Davidson College)
Instructor in History.

ARTHUR THOMPSON BROWNE
Director of the Gymnasium.

WILLIAM TAYLOR WATSON
Instructor in Penmanship.


C. C. WRIGHT
E. S. WERTS
A. T. BROWNE
PHIPPS MILLER
J. W. S. RHEA
A. F. SMITS
H. G. FORD
A. B. CURRY
W. T. WATSON

REGISTER OF STUDENTS

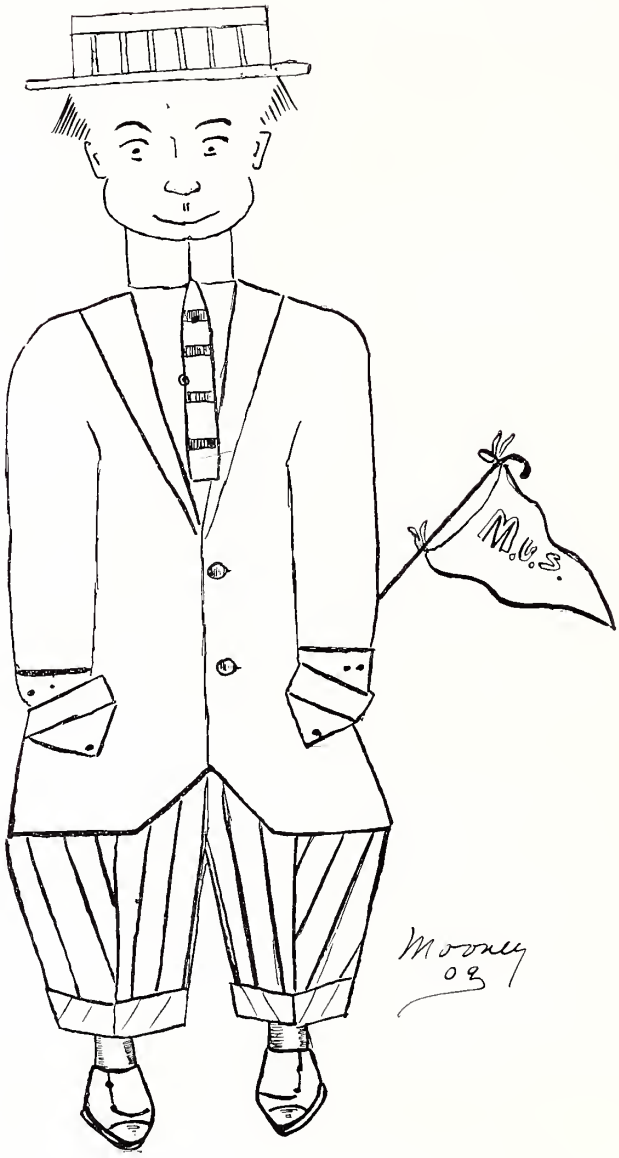
NAME		ADDRESS	Years at School
Abston, Dunbar	1115	Poplar Avenue	3
Applewhite, Douglass Maury	1984	Union Avenue	1
Applewhite, James Miller	1984	Union Avenue	3
Armstrong, Bedford Estes	745	Adams Avenue	5
Armstrong, Henry Guion	745	Adams Avenue	5
Armstrong, Owen	261	Waldran Boulevard	5
Ashner, Irving Wilhelm	1141	Jefferson Avenue	1
Austin, John Alexander, Jr.	21	S. Bellevue Boulevard	2
Ball, Beverly Ledereigh	1291	Union Avenue	1
Beard, Robert Henderson, Jr.	603	Linden Avenue	1
Bell, John Elijah	1143	Poplar Avenue	1
Bennett, John C.	1632	Central Avenue	1
Block, Jefferson Kennedy	501	McLemore Avenue	1
Bluthenthal, Alvin Freiberg	1252	Peabody Avenue	2
Bond, Carlisle Rickarby	1629	Carr Avenue	4
Boone, Will Cooke	500	Linden Avenue	4
Brasfield, George Frederick	43	S. Idlewild Street	2
Brown, Stephen Toof	303	S. Lauderdale Street	1
Bruce, Charles Byrd	503	Linden Avenue	3
Buckingham, Hugh Evelyn	593	S. Orleans Street	2
Buckingham, Henry Lemmon	593	S. Orleans Street	4
Buckingham, Robert Beverly	628	S. Lauderdale Street	4
Burgess, John Early	1225	Poplar Avenue	4
Busby, Lawrence Paul, Jr.	1268	Peabody Avenue	3
Busby, Richard Clarke	1268	Peabody Avenue	2
Busch, Jack Henry	1537	Peabody Avenue	2
Carloss, Harry Edward	819	McKinney Street	3
Carter, Joseph Sykes	1040	Harbert Avenue	1
Conn, Louis Daniel		Station E, Memphis	1
Crawford, James Albert	530	Linden Avenue	2
Crawford, Mastin Duke	530	Linden Avenue	3
Crawford, Francis Webster	530	Linden Avenue	1
Darnell, Harry Arthur	1433	Union Avenue	7
Darnell, Rezneat Milton	1433	Union Avenue	1
Dies, John Livingood	670	Rayburn Boulevard	1
Donelson, Andrew Jackson	345	Mhoon Street	4
Donelson, Jackson	584	Pontotoc Avenue	5

NAME		ADDRESS	Years in School
Douglass, Eugene Burchart	1509	Madison Avenue	2
Driver, James Lewis, Jr.	1734	Central Avenue	5
Driver, Earl Spencer	1734	Central Avenue	5
Dunn, Dudley	319	S. Dudley Street	3
Eckert, George John	335	Vance Avenue	2
Eckert, Norman McCrea	335	Vance Avenue	1
Edrington, Bethel Pillow	1530	Carr Avenue	5
Ellett, John, Jr.	393	S. Front Street	3
Evans, Jacob Axson	1005	Peabody Avenue	6
Faison, George Washington	1557	Peabody Avenue	2
Faison, John DeJarnatt	1557	Peabody Avenue	2
Falls, Edward Fargason	1222	Union Avenue	1
Farnsworth, Sidney Wilbur	502	Linden Avenue	4
Fontaine, Hugh Lucas Seymour	1095	Peabody Avenue	2
Francis, Joseph Haines	729	Mississippi Boulevard	4
Franklin, Clinton Lafayette		Raleigh, Tenn.	2
Fulghum, Hugh Milton	1688	Autumn Avenue	2
Fulmer, Arthur Fizer	513	Linden Avenue	3
Gabay, Halle Meyer	654	Jefferson Avenue	1
Galbreath, Thomas Maury, Jr.	363	S. Orleans Street	5
Gilfillan, William James, Jr.	2171	Union Avenue	2
Goltman, Alfred Meyer	410	Union Avenue	2
Goza, Fontaine	814	Adams Avenue	1
Grant, Daniel Brooks	652	Adams Avenue	5
Grant, James Neely	652	Adams Avenue	8
Graves, William Caruthers, Jr.	1757	Union Avenue	1
Hall, Charlton William	185	Pine Street	4
Halliburton, Richard	207	Garland Place	1
Halliday, William Parker, Jr.	714	Jefferson Avenue	1
Harris, John Wormley, Jr.	269	Cossitt Place	6
Harris, Lee V.	813	Polk Avenue	2
Hays, Joseph Gregory	577	S. Orleans Street	3
Henry, Jack Phillips	738	Jefferson Avenue	2
Hill, Napoleon	1378	Union Avenue	1
Hirsh, Morris Weiss	728	Jefferson Avenue	6
Hunter, Paul	615	Looney Street	4
Hunter, Robert Harper	615	Looney Street	7
Hunter, William Carr	615	Looney Street	8
James, Cooper	779	Adams Avenue	6
Jeter, James Stovall	1065	Rayburn Boulevard	2

NAME		ADDRESS	Years in School
Johnson, Frank Jewett	1234	Union Avenue	1
Jones, Arthur Culliatte	1152	Dorothy Place	4
Kennedy, William Holder	65	N. Bellevue Boulevard	4
Kern, Howard Milton	238	Washington Avenue	1
Knowlton, Philetus Clarke	1174	Poplar Avenue	5
Lacey, William Elwood	273	Adams Avenue	3
Lake, Donelson Martin	311	S. Orleans Street	1
Loeb, Henry, Jr.	300	Pauline Street	3
Loeb, William Louis	300	Pauline Street	4
Love, Edmund, Jr.	1129	Union Avenue	1
Lowenstein, Laurence Bernard	217	Waldran Boulevard	5
Lucas, Theodore Moreno	750	Adams Avenue	1
Macrae, George Wythe, Jr.	628	Adams Avenue	5
Mallory, Joseph Duncan	649	St. Paul Avenue	1
Marks, Jack	726	Adams Avenue	4
Marks, Robert	726	Adams Avenue	5
Mathis, Harry Fletcher	1210	Madison Avenue	6
Maury, John Metcalf, Jr.	236	S. Wellington Street	1
McKellar, Robert Edward	382	S. Orleans Street	5
McNees, Robert Davidson	1907	Union Avenue	1
Millen, William Gilmore	189	S. Pasadena Place	1
Mooney, Charles	761	Jefferson Avenue	1
Mooney, Hugh Jameson	761	Jefferson Avenue	1
Morrow, Robertson George, Jr.	1146	Union Avenue	2
Nathan, Edward Goldsmith	1094	Union Avenue	5
Northcross, William James	35	S. Idlewild Street	5
Orgill, Kenneth Williams	522	Linden Avenue	1
Patton, Lucius E., Jr.	712	N. Fifth Street	1
Pearson, Acy L.		R. F. D. No. 4, Memphis	4
Phillips, John III.	693	Adams Avenue	4
Pidgeon, Francis Cunningham	145	Bellevue Boulevard	1
Pidgeon, Walter Joseph	145	Bellevue Boulevard	2
Reed, William Gordon	238	S. Driver Street	3
Reilly, Lloyd Geary	129	N. Bellevue Boulevard	2
Riley, Wilbur Hyde	1089	Madison Avenue	6
Rosenfield, Albert Merrill	1193	Sledge Avenue	3
Rosenfield, Laurence	1193	Sledge Avenue	3
Rosenfield, William Bailey	1193	Sledge Avenue	2
Russell, Edward Percy		Belvidere and Harbert	2
Saunders, Dudley Dunn	636	Adams Avenue	3

NAME		ADDRESS	Years in School
Saunders, William Hardin	636	Adams Avenue	1
Schmidt, George Robert	344	Waldran Boulevard	1
Scruggs, James Conlan	135	Montgomery Street	4
Shepherd, Joseph Henry	590	Pontotoc Avenue	5
Sites, Edward Rost	214	Court Avenue	4
Smithwick, Fred Barksdale	737	Tate Avenue	4
Smythe, Frank Ward	554	East Street	2
Snowden, Robert Bogardus	1397	Central Avenue	3
Sparr, Harold Adams	2106	Monroe Avenue	1
Sternberger, Melville Joseph	1258	Peabody Avenue	3
Stovall, William Howard, Jr.	567	Jessamine Place	4
Taenzer, Charles Robert	1112	Monroe Avenue	3
Taylor, Edmund, Jr.		Greenville, Miss.	2
Taylor, Austin Starke	634	S. Lauderdale Street	4
Townes, Robert Edward	144	Bellevue Boulevard	2
Tuggle, Morgan Maxey		Capleville, Tenn.	2
Turner, Carroll Conway	792	Washington Avenue	7
Waddell, St. John	123	N. Bellevue Boulevard	2
Wagner, Clinton Justice	734	Tate Avenue	3
Wardle, Herbert Allen	747	Jefferson Avenue	7
Watson, Will Taylor	1391	Madison Avenue	8
Wilkinson, Thomas White	1097	Union Avenue	4
Williams, John Sneed, Jr.	1234	Poplar Avenue	1
Withers, John Wellford	166	N. Willett Street	2
Witzmann, Henry Wade	322	S. Front Street	4
Wright, William Folkes	535	Linden Avenue	1
Yerkes, Laurence Adams	1359	Jefferson Avenue	3
York, Lawrence Mitchell	692	Alabama Street	1
Young, Robert Alexander		Trezevant and Raleigh	4

STUDENTS' SESSION 1908-09


M.U.S.
Mooney
08

FORM II.

B. L. Ball	W. P. Halliday	Chas. Mooney
J. E. Bell	Napoleon Hill	R. G. Morrow
G. F. Brasfield	Edmund Love	W. H. Saunders
F. W. Crawford	J. M. Maury	W. F. Wright
R. M. Darnell	R. Halliburton	L. M. York

THE SECOND FORM

The Lower School or primary department is divided into three forms—First, Second and Third. The work in this department is designed to prepare a boy for the Upper School.

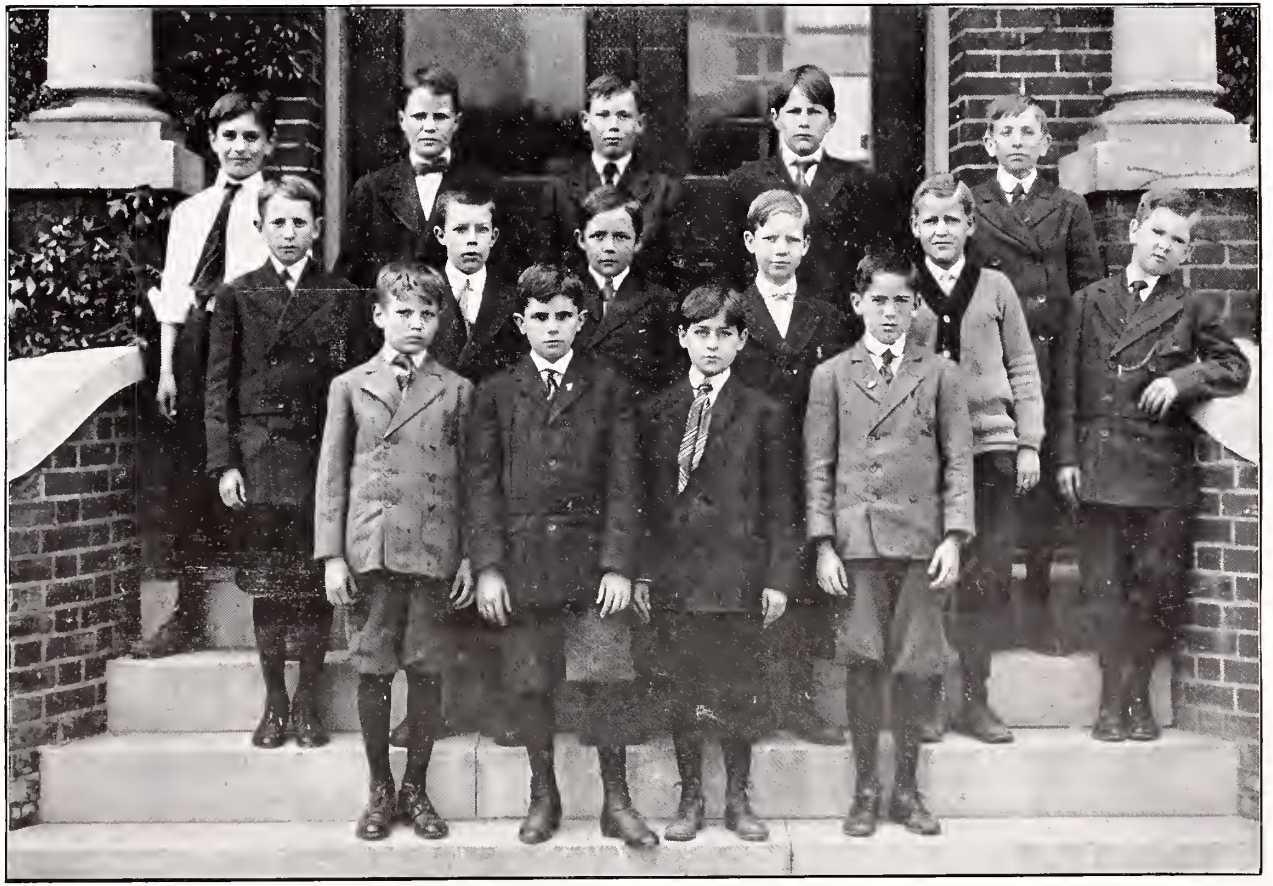
We have no first form this year. They start in the second, those beginners, which is some consolation for the beginners, maybe.

Beginners? Think of it! Visions of tops and trains and C-A-T and marbles and kites and two plus three. It is just plain old "reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic." But they begin. Mr. Ford sees to that. Some days they don't end, not at two-fifteen p. m. Mr. Ford sees to that, too.

By dent of patience and persuasion, some sense of the seriousness of his task is implanted in the brain of the Second Former. By gradual stages in the Reader and trying during long hot summer afternoons to solve 1/3x1/2x1/5—? and other such awful tasks does he change his outlook on life. Duty first stares him in the face, and the shirking thereof leers at him from the side. Ah, full many's the time that following side shall lead him on to trouble—and late hours in the afternoon and Saturdays and dictionary and such evils. He knows not of their results now.

And so we have him—the Second Former, his childish eyes still wide open in wonder, his mind eager to grasp these strange beginnings of school life, not understanding yet his relation to teacher and to school mates, not knowing the why of all these boys and books and men; yet with a faint awakening instinct that here are friends and comrades, good times, maybe, (and bad times sure), and some kind of work that he must do, but he can't see why—not exactly why.

—*J. Donelson.*



SECOND FORM

FORM III.

D. M. Applewhite
J. C. Bennett
A. F. Bluthenthal
J. H. Busch
E. F. Falls
H. L. S. Fontaine
A. M. Goltman
F. J. Johnson
Henry Loeb
Jack Marks
R. D. McNees
W. G. Millen
L. E. Patton
F. C. Pidgeon
E. P. Russell
E. R. Sites

THE THIRD FORM

Shades of difference, how deep are your lines! Class distinction, how mighty is thy hand! Woe betide him that understandeth not the place that is appointed unto him, else the day of his doom is at hand.

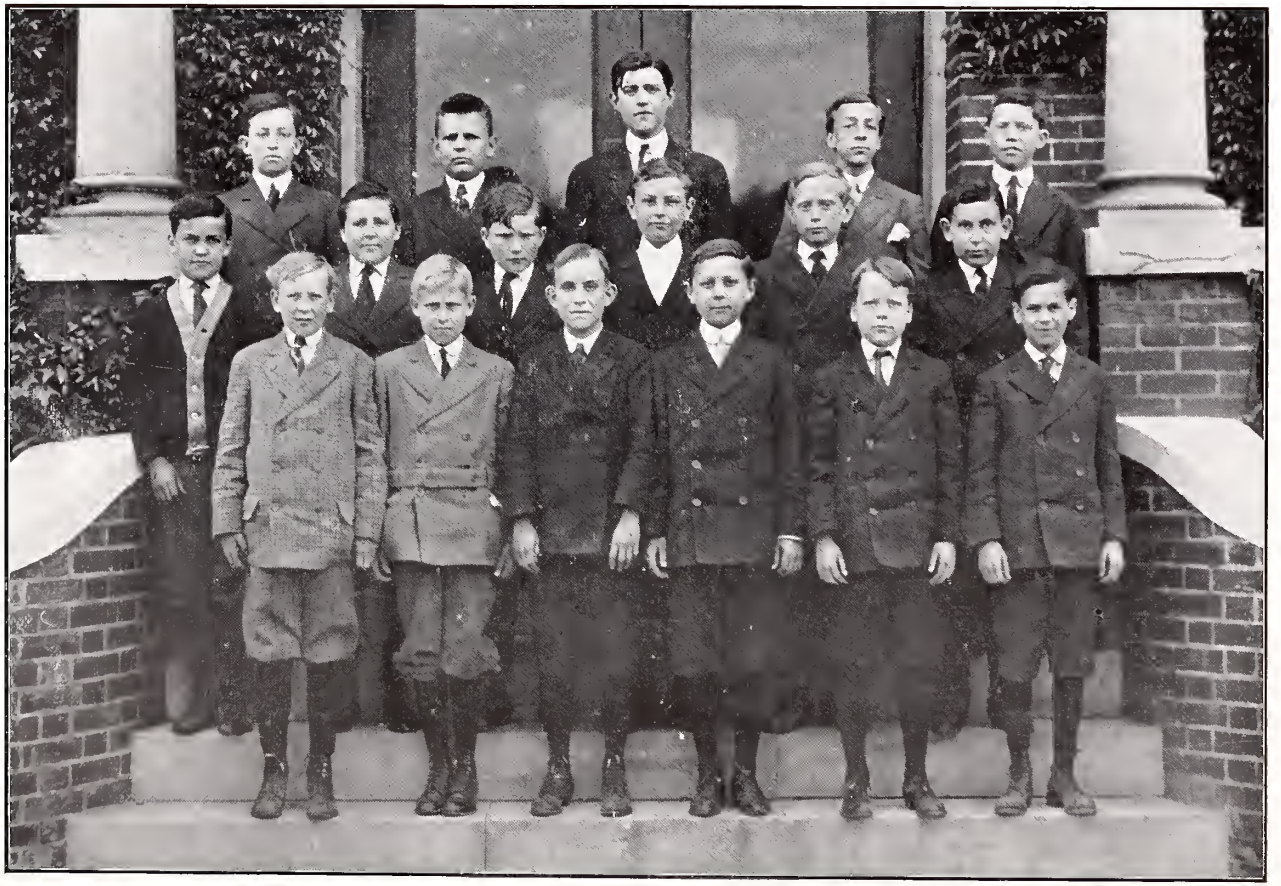
Right great is he of Third Form at the beginning of the new term. Glowers he in mighty scorn and revengefully at those trembling and insignificant figures of Form Two. Many's the slight, the laugh, the push, for which he meant to exact full payment and a bit of interest too.

But other things than torture, the sweet unresisting underlings soon begin to claim him. Besides longer and harder sessions with his teacher, glittering visions of the future loom before him. He longs to be one of the older boys, who seem to him to be so easy and familiar with school life, so strong and athletic. Oh, how he would like to be a football star, to make a flying tackle, or smash a hole right through the line. How glorious it seems to him to be a pitcher, to strike out three men in the ninth inning, with all the bases full and the score two to one in the opponents' favor. Yes, he determines to be a football and baseball player.

At night, when he goes to his big brother and asks him to work a sum, he sees his big books and hears him saying "*Arma virumque cano.*" It tingles in his ears—how he would like to study that too. Oh! he says to himself, "but I'll be through with this old reading and geography in another year."

If he is any good—and he surely is good—he has learned other things and—Ambition.

—*J. Donelson.*



THIRD FORM

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE

FORM IV.

Dunbar Abston I. W. Ashner Jno. Austin

S. T. Brown J. E. Burgess

R. C. Busby J. S. Carter E. B. Douglass

L. V. Harris Paul Hunter

J. D. Mallory B. H. Mauldin H. M. Kern

Jno. Phillips W. J. Pidgeon

W. G. Reed W. B. Rosenfield D. D. Saunders

J. C. Scruggs R. B. Snowden

C. R. Taenzer Edmund Taylor R. E. Townes

St. Jno. Waddell J. W. Withers

L. A. Yerkes

THE FOURTH FORM

"Tis a long lane that hath no turning;" therefore, though the course through the lower school be tolerably long, it turns at last to—Fourth Form and the Upper School.

Ambitions realized, hopes fulfilled! No more slur of Primary, no more exile in a far-off room but Study Hall and abstruse books—and Mr. Rhea's all-seeing eye.

The more serious things of life are now his daily pursuits. Did not the new teacher just from college call him Mister? A new idea of teacher this. He almost feels in him a friend. A new dignity does hedge about this new Fourth Former.

Life is indeed becoming broader and it is pleasant, too. Fast friends he makes boys after his own heart, tried and true. How well he knows them when childish games now change to gym. work, tennis, baseball, and finally—dare they try?—football.

On the team? Third team, fourth team or fifth team, maybe, but he plays, and he plays for all that's in him. And he hopes and hopes—that first team? But he does not say anything.

And then the dark days come—days of Latin and Math. and History and late afternoons. And nights, Latin, Math. and History—and dreams of late afternoons.

"Life is but an empty dream,
Things are not what they seem."

But amidst it all the foundations of a man are being laid. He is broadening brains and biceps. To quote Dr. Hinatt, "if the boy is any good—and he's good—he is developing 'Git, Grit and Gumption,'" that is to say Ambition, Stickability and Good Hard Sense.

—*J. Donelson,*

FOURTH FORM

A FIFTH FORMER

FORM V.

J. K. Block
C. B. Bruce
J. L. Dies
N. M. Eckert
G. W. Faison
J. D. Faison
J. G. Hays
D. M. Lake
H. J. Mooney
H. A. Sparr
M. M. Tuggle

J. A. Crawford
L. D. Conn
J. L. Driver
B. P. Edrington
C. L. Franklin
H. M. Gabay
W. C. Graves
J. S. Jeter
G. R. Schmidt
W. H. Stovall
Robert Marks

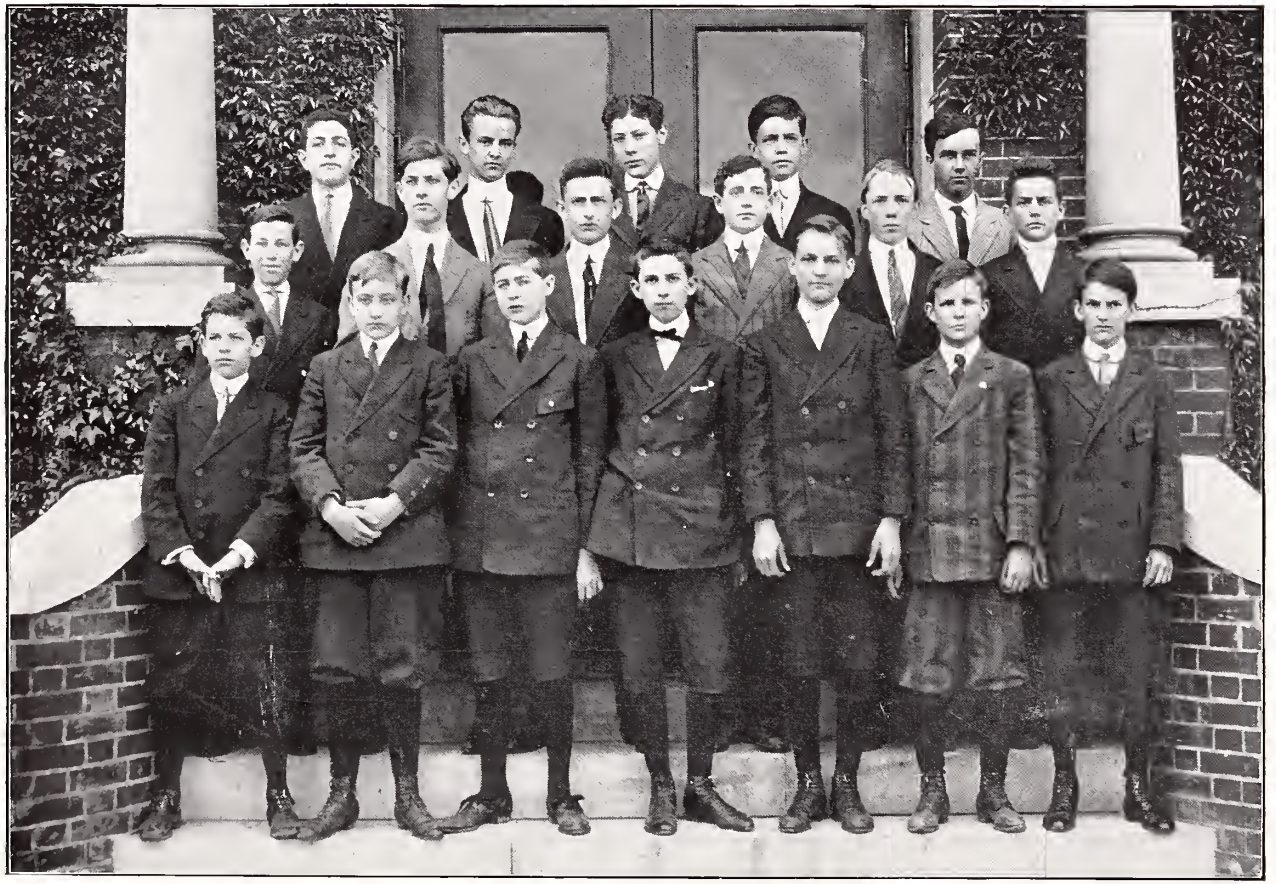
FIFTH FORM

When a boy enters the Fifth Form he begins to realize that school is not all drudgery. That the teacher is not a being created to persecute him, but a friend who is only too glad to help him in his toilsome acquirements of knowledge.

A boy generally finishes the Fourth Form about the same time that short trousers are discarded in favor of long ones. When he has "dropped the curtains," he feels that he is at last on the high road to manhood. Now, as missing lessons, writing dictionary and staying in till five o'clock is not flattering to his new dignity, the Fifth Former begins to believe better and to study more. Nor is his development confined to this. The boy begins to show school spirit. He comes to see the school teams battle for victory. He subscribes to the school paper. When a man delivers a lecture, instead of finding an auditor who likes his talk only because of the lessons he misses, he finds one who listens with attention and interest to the good advice given him.

Probably the teachers are gratified more than any one else when a boy's Fifth Form development commences. Instead of trying to teach a hardheaded, mischievous boy, they find a pupil who is ready to do his best, and makes the teacher's work a pleasure rather than a dreaded task.

—*Northcross.*



FIFTH FORM

A SIXTH FORMER

FORM VI.

L. B. Lowenstein
G. W. McRae
A. M. Rosenfield
J. H. Shepherd
M. J. Steinberger
C. J. Wagner
H. A. Wardle
T. W. Wilkinson
H. W. Witzmann
R. A. Young

A. F. Fulmer
T. M. Galbreath
W. J. Gilfillan
Fontaine Goza
D. B. Grant
C. W. Hall
J. P. Henry
R. H. Hunter
W. H. Kennedy

J. M. Applewhite
H. G. Armstrong
C. R. Bond
H. E. Buckingham
L. P. Busby
H. E. Carloss
M. D. Crawford
H. A. Darnell
E. S. Driver
J. A. Evans
S. W. Farnsworth

SIXTH FORM

Form Quiz—

"Will a butterfly if a tomato can?"

Exclamation—

"Ain't it awful, Mabel!"

Favorite Yell—

"You're another!"

Favorite Piece of Poetry—

The little birds sang overhead,
But Weary Willie wasn't dead.

Favorite Song—

"The jay-bird died with the whooping cough,
The sparrow died with the measles."

The Sixth Form is mainly composed of graduates from the Fifth Form, together with some pupils from other schools. Very few of the scholars, however, are regularly in the Sixth Form.

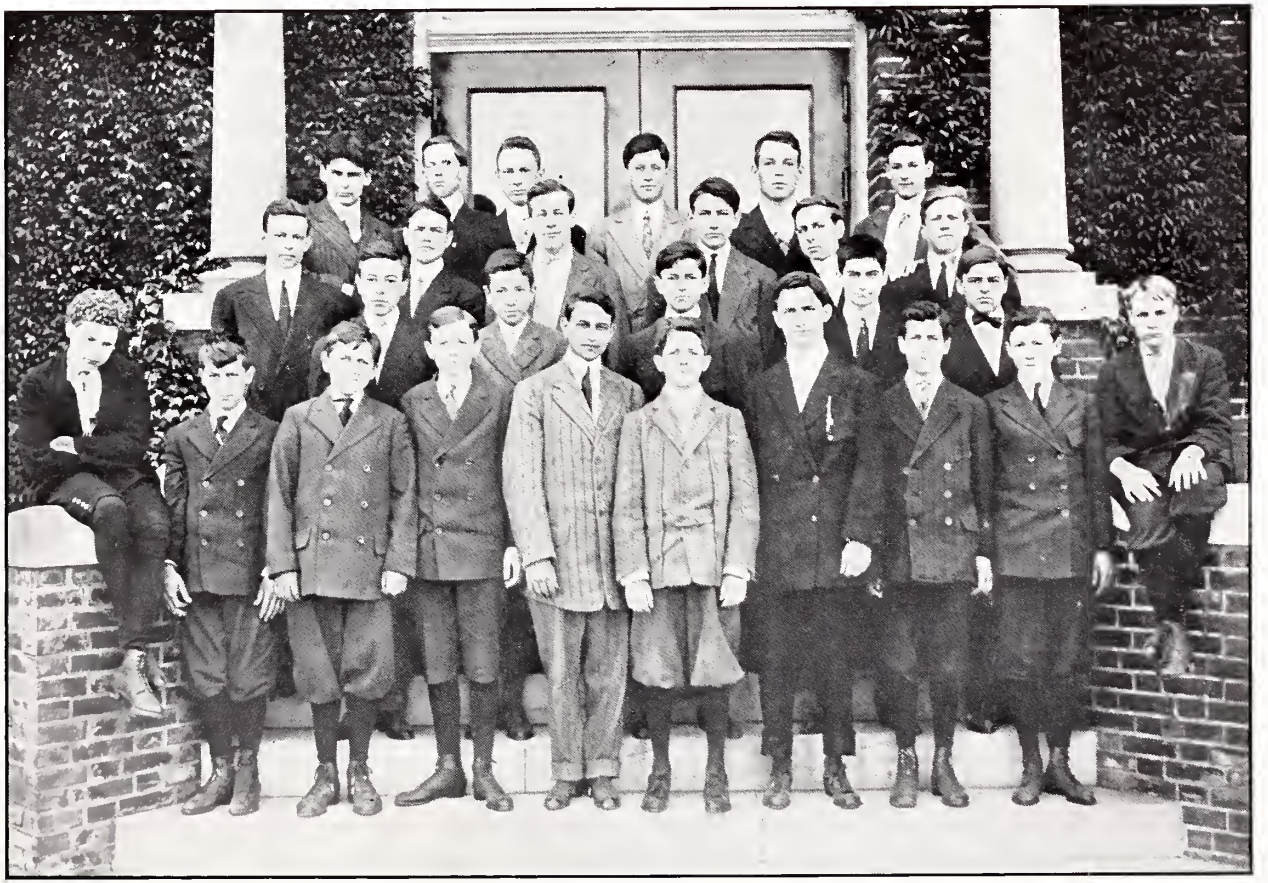
Indeed the class is quite a mixture. For in it are tall boys, and short boys; fat boys, and thin.

It is when the boy is in the Sixth Form that he begins to reason for himself. He dimly understands why. He no longer does his duties just because he is compelled to do them. His mind is broadening. His eyes are opening to the possibilities of his life. It is like a breaking from a chrysalis, a budding of a rose. Ambition is welling within him. And it is now that he begins to prepare himself for the mighty struggle within the world.

Then, too, is now heard that herald of the future, that unmistakable signal of approaching manhood, the "goslings."

The Sixth, ah! 'tis the Noble Sixth,
Well may that be their name,
For bright and strong their chances seem,
To climb the tree of Fame.

—*A. Donelson.*



SIXTH FORM

A SEVENTH FORMER

FORM VII.

B. E. Armstrong
Owen Armstrong
R. H. Beard
H. L. Buckingham
A. J. Donelson
Dudley Dunn
G. J. Eckert
Jno. Ellett
J. H. Francis
J. N. Grant
M. W. Hirsh
Cooper James
A. C. Jones
P. C. Knowlton
W. E. Lacey
W. L. Loeb
T. M. Lucas
E. G. Nathan
A. L. Pearson
W. H. Riley
L. Rosenfield
F. B. Smithwick
F. W. Smythe
C. C. Turner

SEVENTH FORM

Yell—

Hey, seven; come eleven!
Four, eleven, forty-four!
Let us all together roar:
"Rah! for the Class of 1910!"

Favorite Song—

"I'm Tired."

Watch Words—

Procrastination is the spice of life.

Favorite Book—

Xenophon's Anabasis

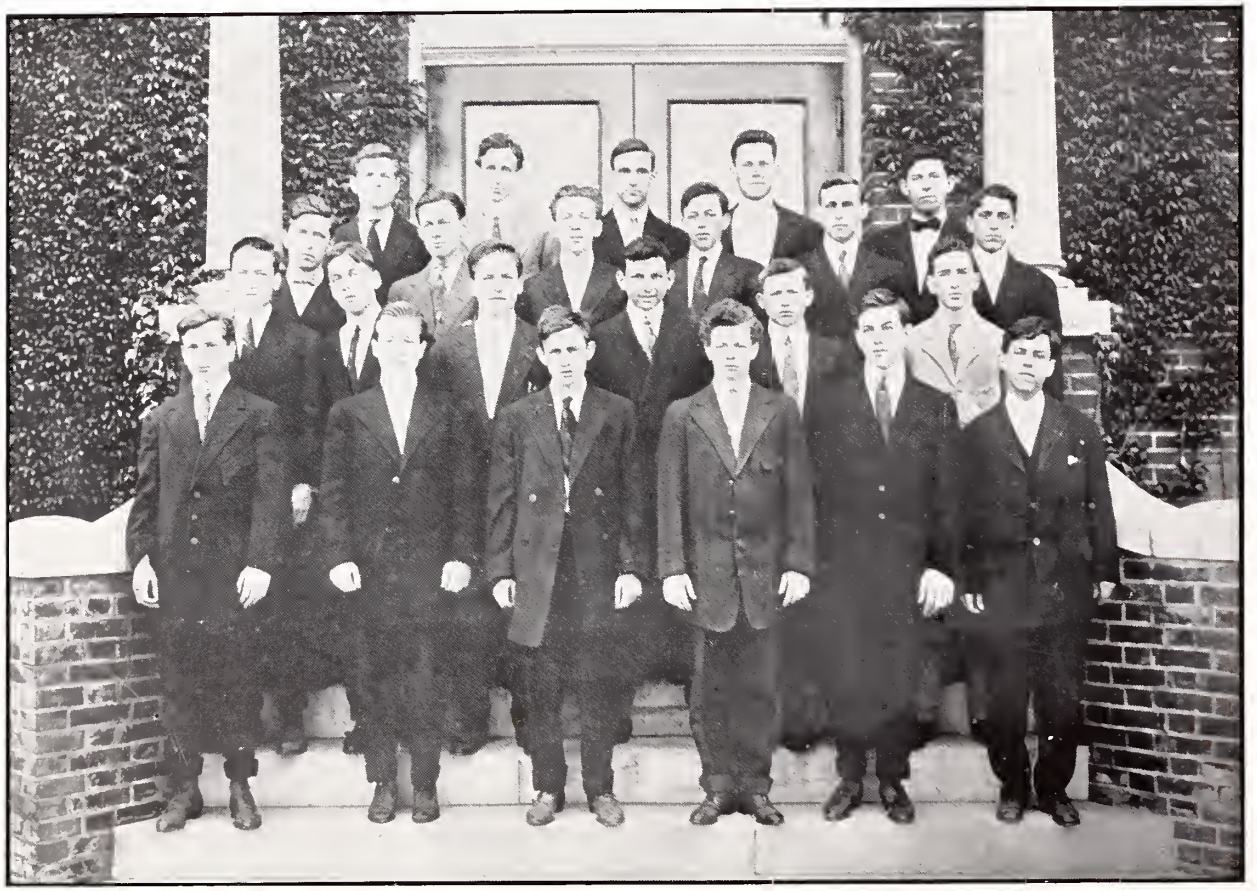
Colors—

Purple and White.

"Rah! for the Class of 1910!" Can you beat 'em? Well, they think that you can't, so that's all that is necessary.

The Seventh Form is the crisis of a boy's school life. When a fellow has labored through Plane Geography, Cicero or the Anabasis, he thinks himself able to cope with the worst of the adversities that the world has in store for him. So he gives up his education and plunges headlong into the business world. On the other hand the fellow that overcomes this feeling of his own prowess is more than likely to take a college course, and prepare himself to receive more easily the hard knocks of the world.

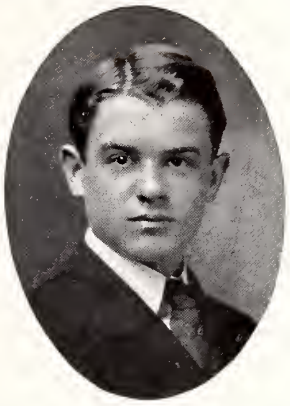
The class of this year is unusually good, both in their studies and in athletics. The superiority in class work is shown by the large number of Seventh Form boys on "The Fresh Air List." While on the athletic field they have been especially brilliant. More than half the "Letter Men" of this year are Seventh Form boys.



SEVENTH FORM

EIGHTH FORM

Will Cooke Boone.



Hamiltonian, Editor-in-Chief M. U. S.-Kito, '09; Latin-Greek prize '07.

Will Cooke entered M. U. S. in the fall of 1905, and since then has always been a leader in his classes. In his literary society he has shown marked ability as a debater, and his essay on Brutus won first prize in Seventh Form English last year. If at college he shows the same energy and perseverance which has characterized his work here, we need have no fears for his success. He enters William Jewell College in September.

Robert Beverly Buckingham.....Duke

Buck, Candy Doll, Cupid.

Associate Editor M. U. S. Topics, 1909; General Business Manager M. U. S.-Kito, 1909; Jeffersonian Society.

"Buck" is known as one of our best debaters, and is an excellent short story writer. He has been at M. U. S. four years, and has a host of friends here and everywhere. He will enter Princeton University next fall.

Hobby: "Connotative Stories."

Quotation: "Don't you want an Annual?"

A. Jackson Donelson.....J."

Hamiltonian; Associate Editor M. U. S.-Kito, 1909.

"J" has been with us four years. He is a member of the tennis club and an earnest worker in the Hamiltonian Society, and in his general class work. He will enter Princeton in September.

Hobby: "Solid Geometry."

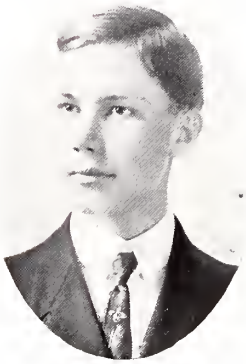
Quotation: "Gosh, ain't that Math. hard?"

Hugh Fulghum.

Hamiltonian. Although Fulghum has not taken part in any of the athletics of the school, he makes up for it in his studies. He is especially good in German. We hope his record may be as fine at whatever college he may attend in the fall.

Hobby: Cicero's Orations.

Quotation: "Fellow Citizens."



John Wormely Harris, Jr. ..... "Jack"

President Jeffersonian Society, first term; M. U. S.-Kito Board 1909.

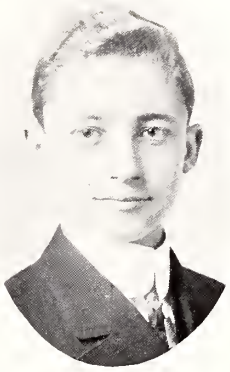
Here is a boy with a purpose. All through his prep. school course he has shown a quiet determination to take advantage of his opportunities. When he enters the University of Virginia in the fall we feel sure he will achieve success, which he so richly deserves.

William Carr Hunter ..... "Will"

Jeffersonian; pitcher baseball team, '08; left guard on football team, '08; forward and center on basketball team, '08, '09; captain basketball team, '09; Topics staff, '09; M. U. S.-Kito Board, '09;.

For some years after Will entered school he took no active interest in athletics, but in the last two years he has been a prominent figure in this branch of school life. On last year's nine he did fine work in the box, and his position at left guard on the football team of '08 was well taken care of; at basketball, however, he is a star, handling his men well and always getting his share of goals. We are counting on Will to be the mainstay of the pitching staff in '09.

Harry Fletcher Mathis.....Nuts



Hamiltonian Society.

Although Harry is younger than most of the members of the class, he has worked hard on the second teams of the school in an earnest endeavor to build up the first teams. We trust he will always have this spirit. He will enter Vanderbilt University in September.

Hobby: "Orpheum Shows."

Quotation: "Can you read that Virgil?"

Robert Edward McKellar.....Mac"

Jeffersonian; Editor-in-Chief M. U. S. Topics, 1909; Associate Editor M. U. S.-Kito, 1909; J. Henry Martin Scholarship Medal 1905-06; English Medal 1907; Mathematics Medal, 1908; Latin-Greek Prize, 1908; President of Eighth Form and of tennis club, 1909.

"Mac" is one of our best students, a splendid editor, and a fine man in his literary society. We feel sure he will be a valuable addition to Vanderbilt University, which he enters next fall.

Hobby: "Xenophon's Anabasis."

Quotation: "You talk like a fish."

Wilson James Northcross.....Bull," "North."

Jeffersonian; left tackle on football team, 1906-07; fullback, '08; All-Memphis team, '08; business manager Topics, 09; secretary and treasurer Eighth Form, M. U. S.-Kito Board, '09.

Full of fun and nonsense, brimming over with good humor, everybody's friend, no mean wit, and a fair poet—that's Northcross. Everybody likes him. You just can't help it. And the secret of it all is that his jokes, though numerous, are never at the expense of anybody else's feelings.

"Bull" has been a star at athletics ever since he entered school. For two years he played tackle on the football team, and in 1908, though new to his position behind the line, his work was a feature of every game. He will be missed both in school and on the athletic field when he goes to Vanderbilt next fall.

Austin Starke Taylor....“Stric,” “Porcie”

Treasurer Jeffersonian; vice-president Eighth Form; forward on basketball team, 1907-09; left field on baseball team, 1908; Assistant Business Manager M. U. S.-Kito, 1909.

Though his name is Austin Starke, he is “Stric” to us. In fact we might not know whom you meant if you called him anything else. He is tall and thin, and sparely built. Though he plays a good game of baseball, it is on basket ball that his fame as an athlete rests. After he once locates the basket he seems unable to miss a goal, and many a game has been saved for the Red and Blue by his timely throwing of fouls. Whether he goes to college or enters the business world M. U. S. wishes him luck.

William Taylor Watson.....“Billy”

Secretary Hamiltonian.

“Bill” has been in school since 1901, and ever since his entrance he has been a hard worker and well up in his studies. In the gymnasium tournament of 1906 he did brilliant work, making his monogram at that time. He is the only one of the Eighth Form boys who will return to M. U. S. next year, as he intends to do additional preparatory work for the Academic Department at the University of Virginia.

H.

HASN'T HE GOT A PLEASANT DISPOSITION—YES? NO?

Jumping toad frogs and howling catamounts, what a hot day! Not a breath of air stirring and mine almost gone; electric fans but not attached; enough food but too lazy to eat it; chairs hot; sofa hotter; bed hottest. Sun on the front porch, sun on the back porch, and hot neighbors on both sides. Sparrows fluttering in the dust; red-nosed babies crying—poor little things; dogs walking along with protruding tongues and inquiring tails; roosters vainly attempting to crow; hens with wings hanging down; everything limp and careless; can't read; can't write; can't talk; can't walk; hate everybody who says anything to me.

Now look at that fly; if I have knocked him off my nose once, I've done it forty times; he likes nothing better than to sit on my nose.

Will I have something to drink? Naw; wine heats me, lemonade sours me, water perspires me. Will I have the awning down? Naw. Will I have them up? Naw. What will I have then? Well, if there's a hose near I would like for some one to turn it on me.

What will I have for dinner? Now if that isn't the last drop in the bucket. Dinner, indeed! Soup hot; beef hot; chicken hot; biscuit hot; ugh! hot potatoes; hot squash; hot peas; hot pudding, and last but not least, hot children.

Tell that cook she's flirting with the undertaker,to make her will and get out of that kithchen. Some one down stairs wants to see me? In the name of Adam and Eve, take my clothes down there and show them to him. I don't think I'll be crazy enough to put them on for any body.

What! He's not satisfied? All right, tell him to come on up stairs. James Werner walked up the stairs, down the hall into the room. Say, Robert, what you raising so much h— for? My new launch came today and I came over to ask you if you wouldn't like to go down and try it with me.

Do I want to? Well, I should say so.

—*Starke Taylor.*

W. T. WATSON,
Professor of Penmanship.

THE WRITING MASTER.

Professor Watson, writing teacher,
Talks not always about the pen.
He sometimes tells us funny stories;
Sometimes how we can be great men.

He tells us of the business world,
That awful strife and lasting grind;
Explains to us its ways, and begs
That we may not be left behind.

By illustrations, plain and simple,
Professor Watson makes us see
How hard it is success to gain,
And what we ought to do and be.

And so we hope that Mr. Watson
Has not talked and talked to us in vain;
That through his earnest, faithful efforts,
We may in life some greatness gain.

—*W. J. N.*

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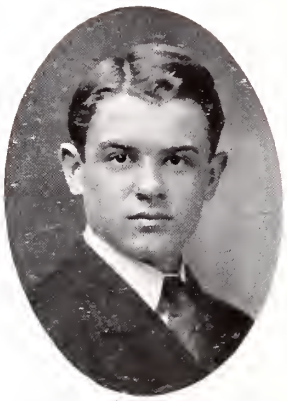

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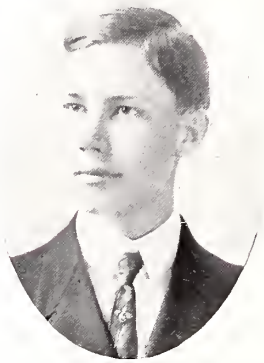

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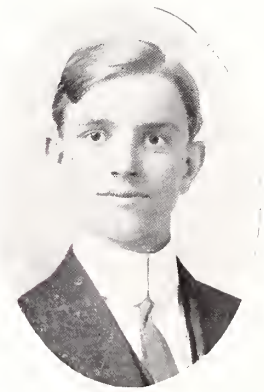

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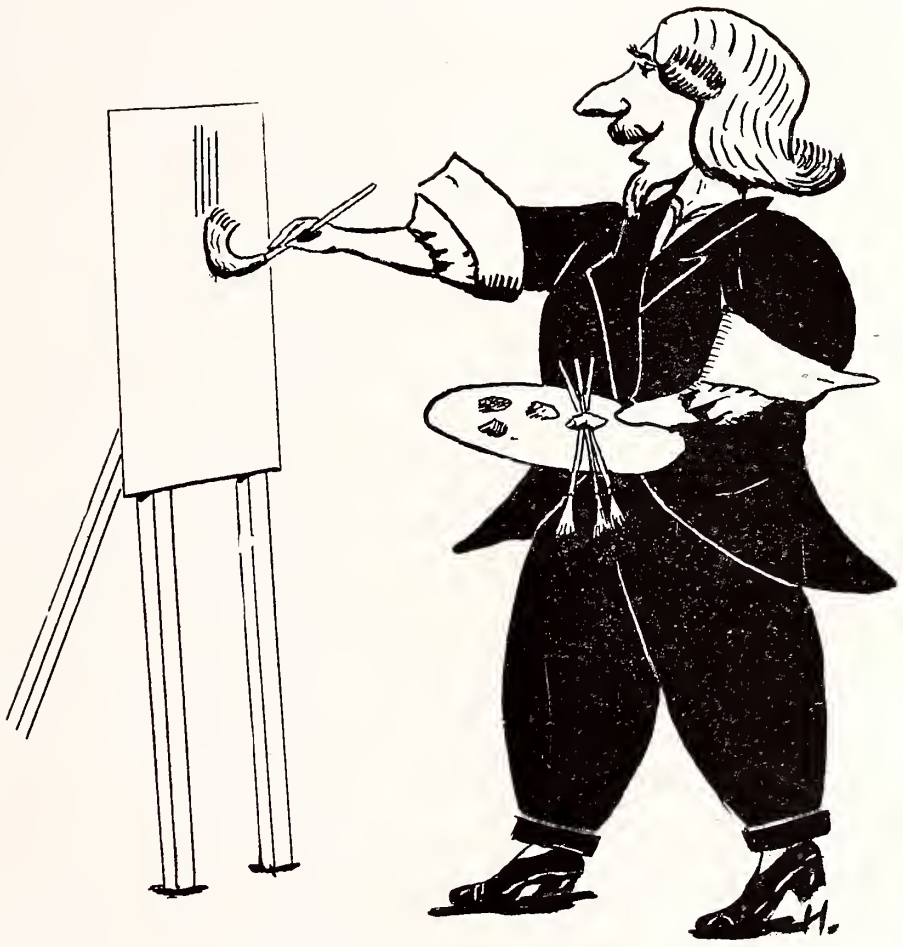

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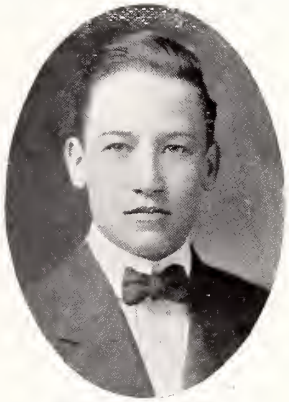

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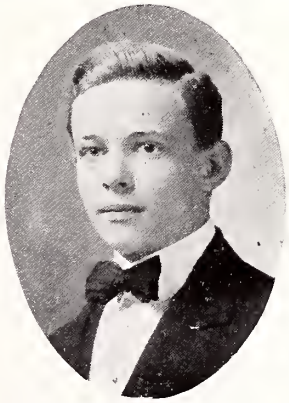

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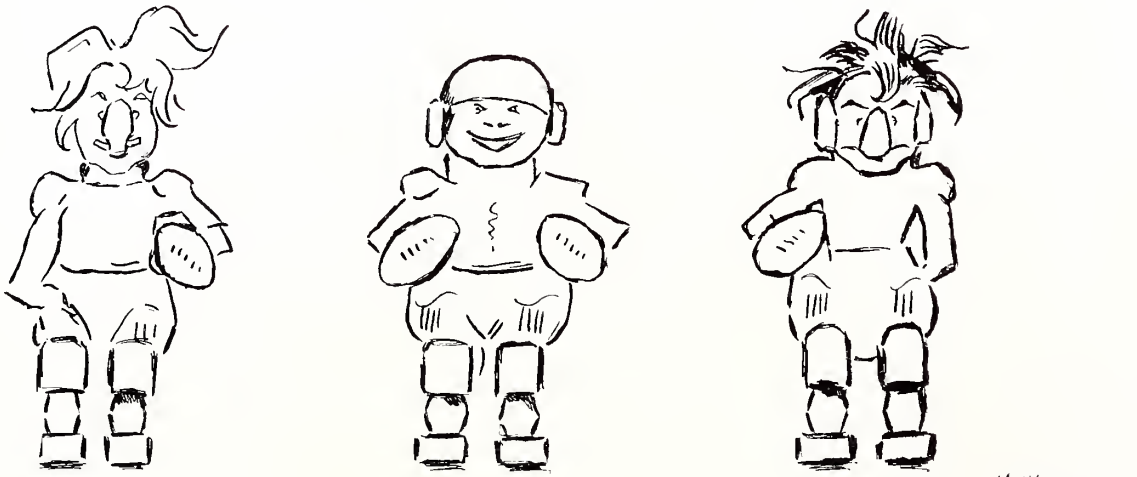


M.U.S. SUBS. AWAITING TO
GET IN GAME

T. J. ROLLER.

THE M. U. S.-KITO.

There are few boys in school now that were here in 1903, when the first volume of *M. U. S.-Kito* came out. There are still fewer in the school who know the origin of the title of our Annual. However, these few will doubtless remember the untiring efforts of the first staff of editors. These editors had to break the ice, so to speak, that surrounded the school boys' pocketbooks and tear down the barriers of diffidence that hemmed in the talent in the school. How well they succeded is seen by the book that they produced. These first editors of *M. U. S.-Kito* will ever be remembered by the students of M. U. S.

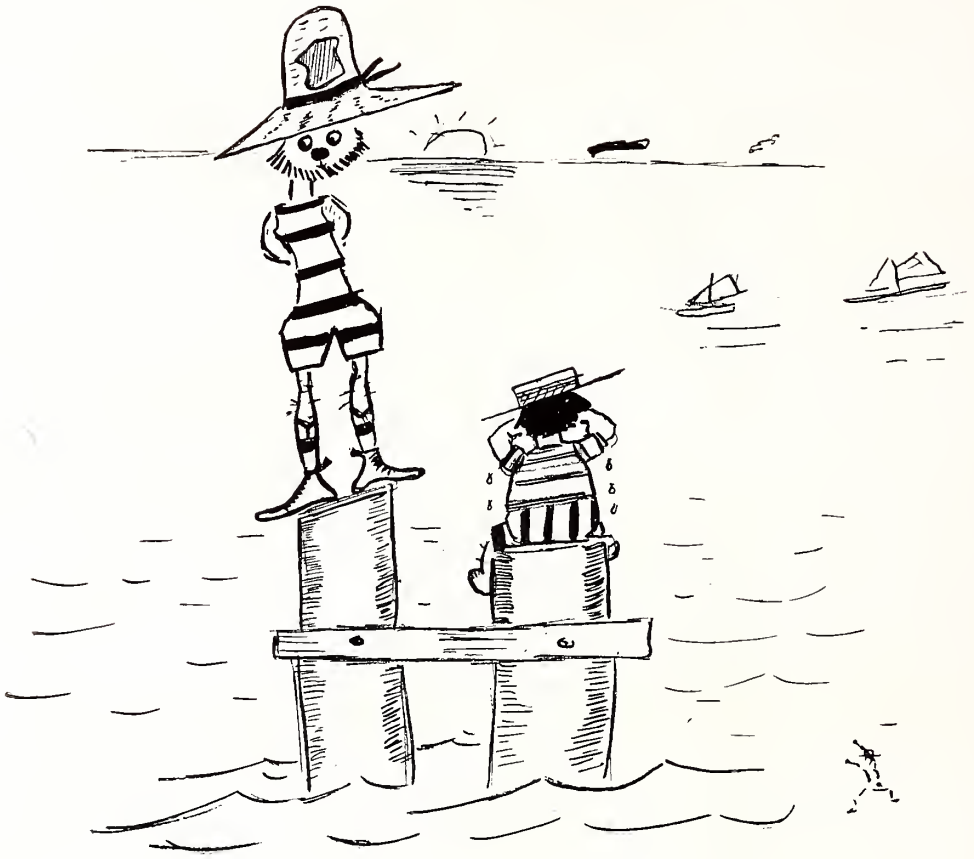
Our Annual owes its origin to Mr. T. J. Roller, who was teaching Latin in the school at that time. Seeing the unusually fine talent in school he brought the matter to Mr. Rhea's attention. As a result the entire charge of the Annual was given over to Mr. Roller. He worked diligently to make the Annual a success. The editors met with him every week to discuss plans. The work was soon on a "boom." The editors were quite anxious to do their part, but they had a great deal of trouble trying to stir up the other fellows.

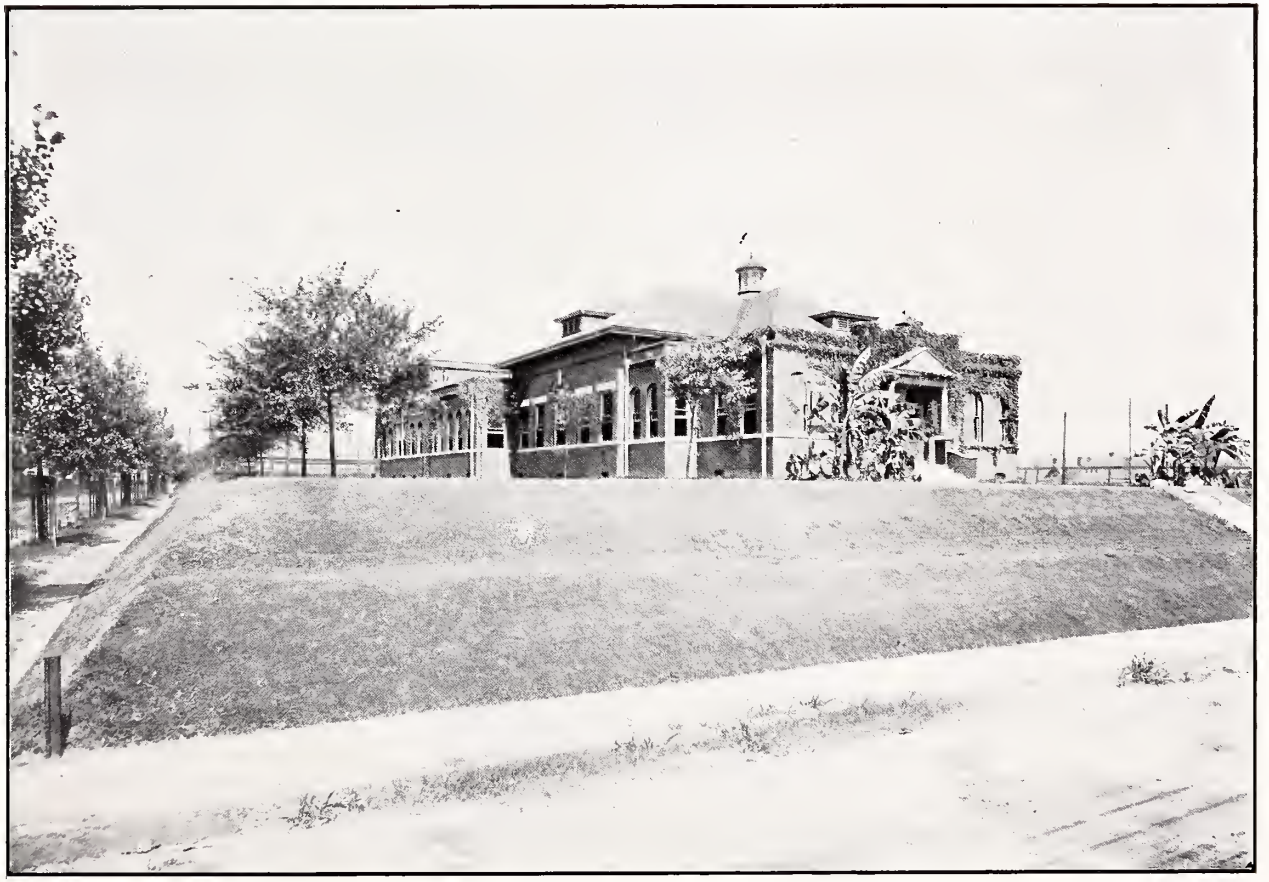
The work was moving along rapidly when the question of a name for the book arose. Mr. Roller and the editors spent many sleepless nights trying to find some suitable name, all to no avail. At last, in desperation, they offered a prize to the one that should give the book the most appropriate name. Soon the whole student body were busy searching the shelves of their brains for a name that should fill all the requirements. These requirements were: First, the name must include the initial M. U. S.; and second, the name of something common to this part of the country.

Affairs were at a standstill. No suitable name was handed in by

the boys. Things were beginning to look desperate. The Annual was about to go to print without a name. Finally one night Mr. Roller told Mr. Rhea his troubles. Mr. Rhea, too, was stumped for some time. However, a smile soon came over his face as he said: "I have it. Why not call it '*The Mosquito?*' You can spell it M. U. S.-Kito and the combination will include not only the initials M. U. S., but also the suggestion named."

Thus the Annual got its title.





UNIVERSITY SCHOOL.

A CALLER

A CALLER.

Half past eight and that man not here yet. Wonder if he thinks I am going to sit up all night waiting for him? That lame excuse of his doesn't go with me any more—had to see a friend at —— Oh, here he is now.

Why, good evening George, how are you? Oh, thank you, such lovely roses! Take off your hat and coat and sit down.

Oh, that's all right if you were a little late, I just got dressed myself.

Now tell me all the news. Never go any place myself so I don't hear much.

What! Why you don't tell me. How dreadful. George, you don't know how much I sympathize with you; how you must have suffered. But you came out all right, didn't you?

Oh, George, there's such a lovely show coming to-morrow night to the Lyceum. Yes, that's it, "Fifty Miles from Boston." Why, I'd be delighted. Yes, eight o'clock will be time enough.

Where did you get that new pin? Oh, a real college frat. pin. Of course I'll wear it, George; I'd be delighted.

What! No girl can wear it till she's engaged to you! Nonsense, you know no girl would marry you.

Won't we have a good time at the dance next week. You won't be there? How perfectly terrible! How much I shall miss you.

What, you're not going yet? Why, it's only ten-thirty. Well, if you must I guess you must. You don't know how much I appreciate those roses. Thank you ever so much for them. Good night, George, and don't be late to-morrow night. Good-bye, and er-er-er I guess I'll wear your pin.

—*J. H. Francis.*

THE TENNIS COURT

WILL—THE JANITOR.

This foe of dirt,
This man of grime
  Deserves some commendation;
For no one works
So hard as he,
  Or better fills his station.

The first to come,
The last to go—
  He toils from morn 'til night,
And strives by
Every way he knows
  To keep things looking right.

He knows no Latin,
Math. or French,
  And scorns reciting room.
He has no time
For study; for
  He's King of Mop and Broom.

—*W. N.*

HONOR MEN.

Academic.	*Primary.*
1895–96.	
James West Pegram.	Francis West Andrews.
Wassell Randolph.	Elliott Hill Fontaine.
1896–97.	
James West Pegram.	Francis West Andrews.
John Donelson Martin.	Elliott Hill Fontaine.
1897–98.	
Francis West Andrews.	Eugene Young Andrews.
James West Pegram.	Richard Peyton Woodson Jr.
1898–99.	
Lewis Randolph Donelson Jr	Eugene Young Andrews.
Charles Hayden Albright Jr.	James Lowell Jeffreys.
1899–1900.	
John Hamilton Poston Jr.	James Lowell Jeffreys.
Charles Hayden Albright Jr.	Ernest Ludolph Gunther.
1900–01.	
Charles Hayden Albright Jr.	Wesley Ennis Patton.
Howard Beine.	Charles Galloway Morris.
1901–02.	
Charles Hayden Albright Jr.	Enoch Ensley.
John Campbell Latham.	Carroll Seabrook.
1902–03.	
Joseph Marks Sugarman.	Robert Dorsey Andrews.
Carl Wilhelm Schwill.	Hubert Kearsley Reese.
1903–04.	
Robert Dorsey Andrews.	Morris Weiss Hirsh.
Clare Hoshall.	John Baskerville McKee.
1904–05.	
Robert Edward McKellar.	Joseph Henry Shepherd.
Robert Dorsey Andrews.	Philetus Clarke Knowlton.

1905–06.

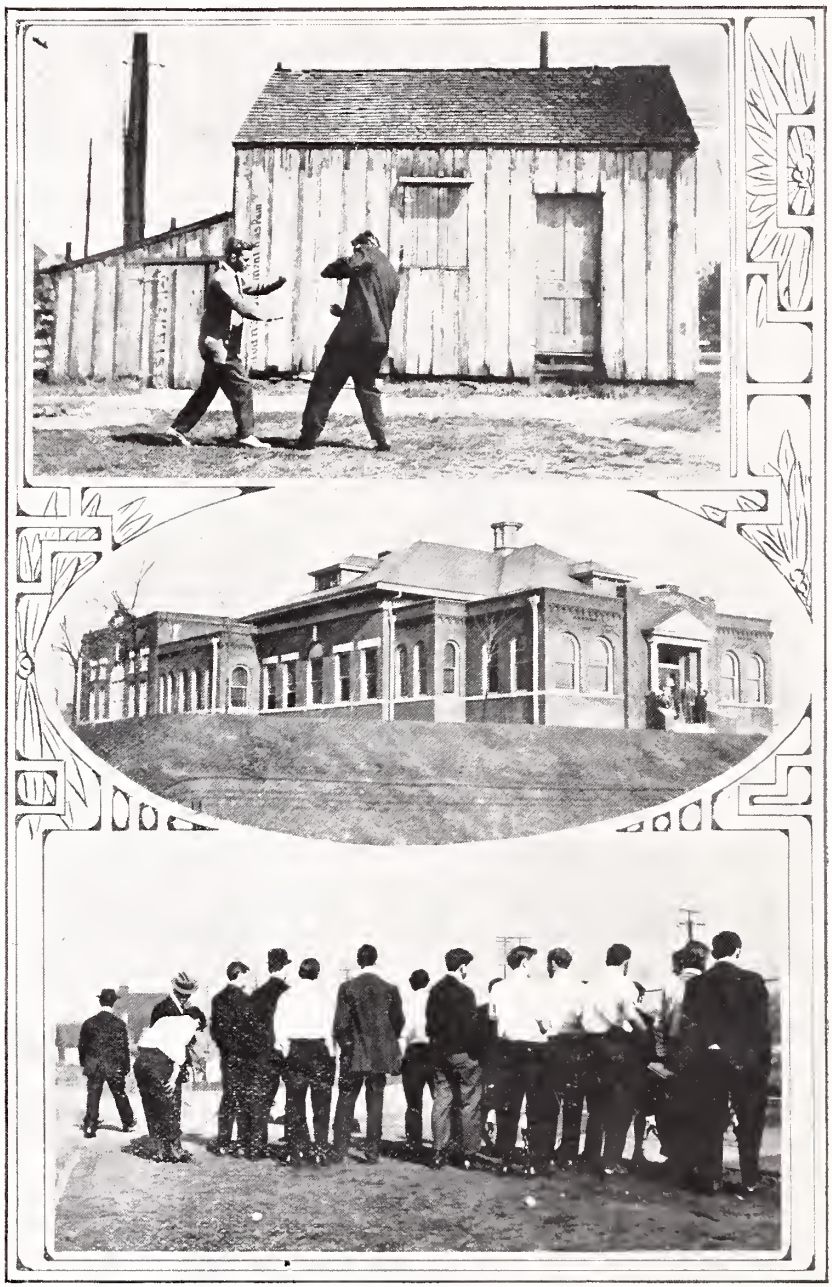
Academic.	*Primary.*
Robert Edward McKellar.	Robert Alexander Young.
Will Cooke Boone.	Joseph Henry Shepherd.

1906–07.

Robert Alexander Young.	William Howard Stovall.
Robert Edward McKellar.	

1907–08.

Robert Alexander Young.	St. John Waddell Jr.
Robert Edward McKellar.	Alvin Freiberg Bluthenthal

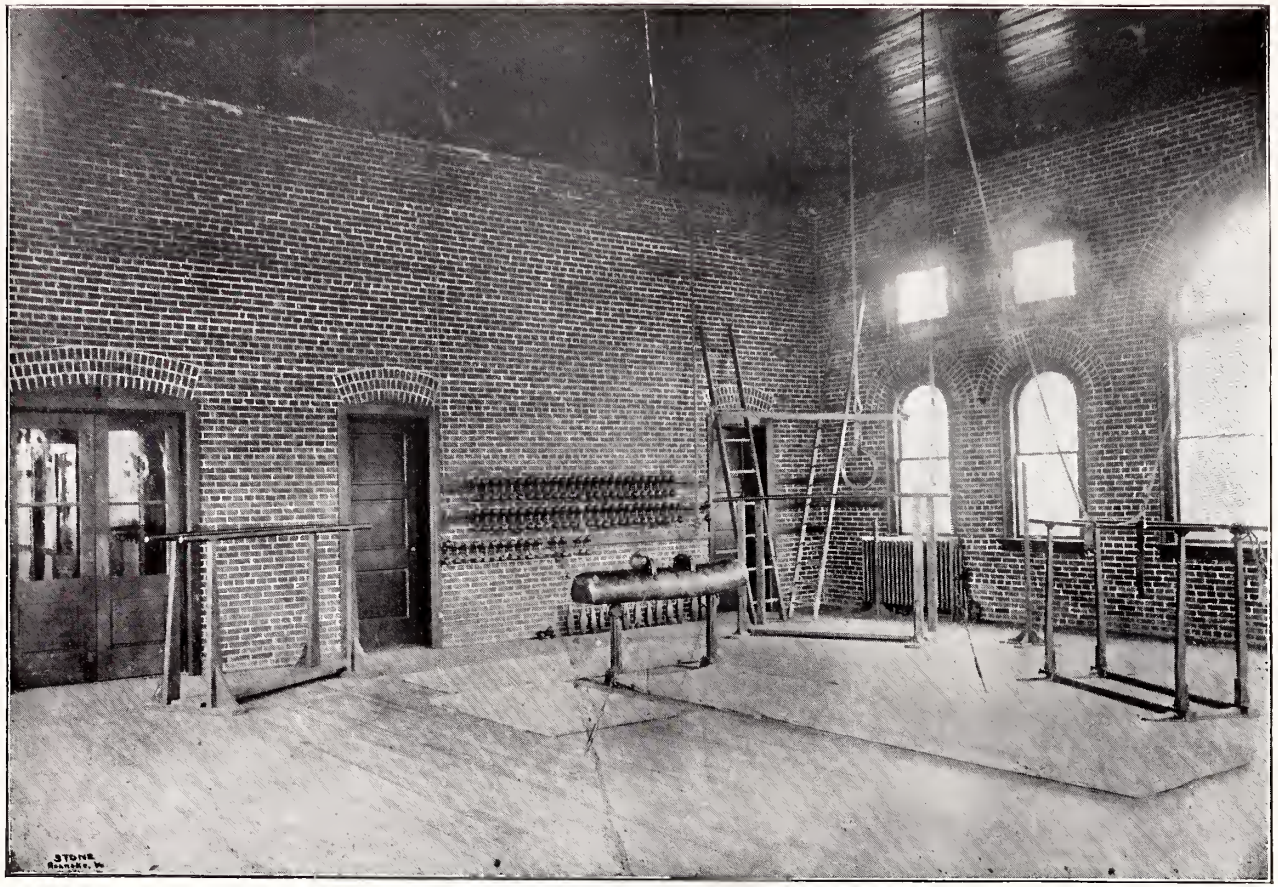


STATISTICS.

(Decided on by a vote of the school.)

Largest Boy in School	Northcross.
Smallest Boy in School	W. Crawford.
Broadest Boy in School	N. Grant.
Narrowest Boy in School	S. Taylor.
Tallest Boy in School	S. Taylor.
Shortest Boy in School	W. Rosenfield.
Boy with Largest Mouth	Sparr.
Boy with Smallest Mouth	E. Taylor.
Boy with Largest Feet	Block.
Boy with Smallest Feet	R. Buckingham.
Boy with Largest Head	Turner.
Boy with Smallest Head	Bell.
Ladies' Man of School	Edrington.
Handsomest Boy in School	N. Grant.
Most Graceful Boy in School	Wardle.
Most Awkward Boy in School	Sparr.
Most Sensible Boy in School	McKellar.
Most Foolish Boy in School	C. Mooney.
Boy with Best Complexion	N. Grant.
Boy with Best Voice	O. Armstrong.
Sleepiest Boy in School	Carloss.
Greatest Joker	Francis.
Greatest Tease	L. Buckingham.
Loudest Boy in School	L. Busby.
Fattest Boy in School	J. Phillips.
Thinnest Boy in School	S. Taylor.
Most Appropriate Nickname	"Bull" Northcross.
Hungriest Boy in School	Smythe.
Most Bashful Boy in School	M. Crawford.
Average Age	15 years.
Average Height	5 feet.
Average Weight	104 pounds.
Favorite Study	Mathematics.
Favorite Sport	Baseball.
Favorite Book	Scott's "Ivanhoe."

A. T. BROWN



INTERIOR OF GYMNASIUM

A TURKISH TROPHY

It was last summer, on the occasion of my third trip around the world, that the following adventure happened:

I arrived at Constantinople on a bright, hot day in June. I was to remain there two weeks and then go to Paris, whence I would return to my home in New York. As the Consul in the city is a warm friend of mine, I immediately called on him. He welcomed me cordially and we talked for some time of old friends, when suddenly he exclaimed: "Oh, yes, Sam, you say you have done some detective work! Well, there is a case here that is puzzling everybody. Seen the morning paper?" I replied that I had seen one, but couldn't understand a word of Turkish, and didn't get much out of it. "Well," he says, "I'll tell you about it. There is a rich old nobleman or pasha here named Caroun. He has a pretty daughter by the name of Mirna. The girl is well educated and speaks English, French and German. Night before last she walked out into the

garden of the villa without attendants, to take a little fresh air, it was thought. The old Pasha was engaged in a hot game of poker with a friend and it was an hour before he thought of the girl. He asked for her and it developed that she had not returned from the garden. He ordered the slaves to call her and began another game. Ten minutes later the slaves returned, greatly frightened, and said that the whole garden had been thoroughly searched with lanterns and Mirna was not there. Then the old man, growing uneasy, arose and went out to conduct a personal search for her, but she had certainly disappeared. The authorities were summoned and the police and government detectives worked all day yesterday, but no clue was discovered. This was the question: what was the girl's motive for leaving, if voluntary; if not, what gang kidnapped her? How did she get over the ten-foot wall? As there were guards at the gates, how did she get away without being seen or heard?"

The Consul paused. He was evidently completely puzzled himself over the mystery, and well he might have been! I asked if there was a well in the garden, but he replied that there was only a fountain, four inches deep and with perfectly transparent water in it. There were no marks of any struggle and, in fact, no tracks, as there was a large concrete walk down the entire length of the garden and the girl was certain to have kept to this as it was her invariable custom.

"Well, here is a novel case," thought I, and asked my friend if he could take me to the Pasha's house and let me try my hand on the mystery. He laughed at the thought of my succeeding where old sleuths had failed, but agreed to go with me.

The Pasha had a large stone villa about two miles from the Sultan's palace and in a fashionable quarter of the town. There was a beautiful lawn of perhaps four acres in front of the building and several hundred feet of land on each side of the house. At the rear of the building, which was two stories in height, was the garden of which he had spoken. It was surrounded by a wall ten feet high, at the top of which were iron spikes closely set together. The garden wall was joined to the palace walls and only a small door connected them. These facts the Consul pointed out as we approached the house.

We were ushered into the presence of the Pasha, who received us in silence. He was a sour-looking individual, however, and looked as if he was very bad humored. My friend flattered me by introducing me as a "well-known American detective." At this the ald man brightened up considerably and offered to give me any information I wished. He also sent for his daughter's German maid and all four of us went out to

the garden. By dent of much questioning of the Pasha and the maid I found out the following facts: that Mirna often walked in the garden at night, that three weeks before she had attended a mask ball at the American consulate, that she had visited Paris, France, a year before, that she had many suitors to all of whom she turned a deaf ear. After going over the ground carefully, we took our departure.

During my two weeks stay in theTurkish capital, I employed myself in all of my spare time in working on the mystery. I followed up several clues but all failed to develope anything. On the day of my departure, I confessed to the consul my inability to make anything out of it, and he had a good laugh at me. The police, too, were at their wits end and the Pasha was almost broken-hearted. The mystery seemed in a fair way never to be solved.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Two days later I arrived in Paris and hastened to my hotel for the night. In the morning I went to the Rue de la Paix to look up Tom Warner, an old New York friend of mine who was then living in Paris. I soon found his number and sent up my card. He hastened down. "Hello, Sam, old boy!" he said, "I am mighty glad to see you. What are you doing here?" I explained that I was on a tour, having just arrived from Constantinople. He said he had only been back from a trip two weeks. "And by the way, Sam, you didn't know *I'm married now* did you?" he exclaimed. "Why no, who is she?" I asked, but he was already out of the room and soon returned leading one of the prettiest girls I ever saw. She was of the Oriental type and greeted me in good English. "You see she is Turkish," said Warner. "She was Mirna Caroun, of Constantinople!"

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

When I had recovered from my surprise and astonishment, I asked many questions. It seems that Tom Warner had met her during her trip to Paris the year before and had fallen in love with her. A year later he had gone to Constantinople on business and again saw her at the mask ball. "We decided" he said "to elope, as we knew Caroun had set his heart on Mirna marrying a Turk and would not give his consent to our union. So we fled, came here and were maried about two weeks ago. In a month or so we will write the Pasha a joint letter explaining all and asking his forgiveness. We feel sure he will grant it."

I told of the police vainly trying to find out what had become of them and added that I had been foiled myself, "But Tom," I added, "how did you get over that wall undiscovered?" He laughed and arose. "That's

easy," he answered, "come out here." He led the way to a small shed at the rear of the house and opened the door. "Behold my aeroplane Merrimac, a gift of our friend, Mr. Wilbur Wright."

Then Tom leaned over and whispered to me, "By the, Sam, Mirna has a sister two years younger than she is who looks just like her. Say, old man don't you want to borrow the Merrimac?"

—*Will Cooke Boone.*

AGV

Some Members of the School's First Baseball Team 1893-94.

James S. Davant, jr.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The Memphis University School Athletic Association has active charge of all school athletics. The fee is two dollars ($2.00) a year. Only members of this association are eligible for teams representing M. U. S. in athletic contests. The school is a member of the The Southern Interscholastic Athletic Association.

Association Board '06-'07

C. L. Hartzell.....President
J. D. Myers.....Vice-President
S. S. Wilson.....Secretary and Treasurer

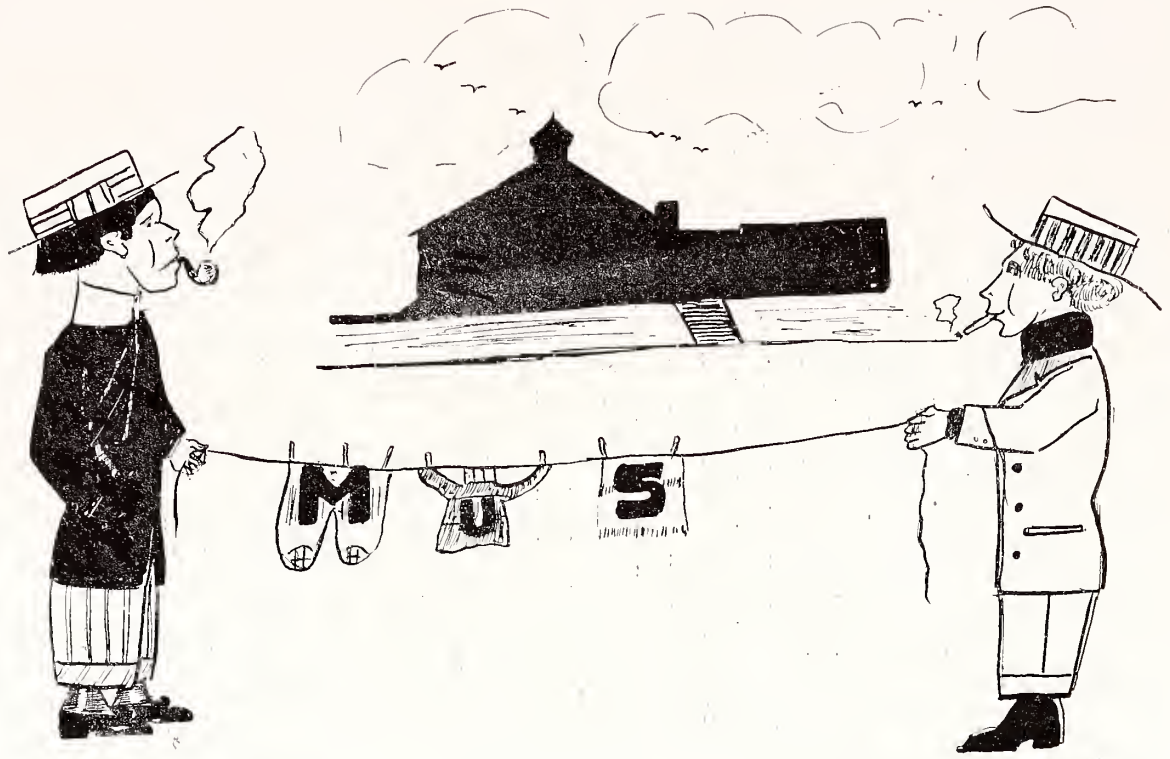
Association Board '07-'08

J. D. Myers.....President
N. G. Sherman.....Vice-President
J. K. Speed.....Secretary and Treasurer

Association Board '08-'09

W. J. Northcross.....President
J. N. Grant.....Vice-President
A. C. Jones.....Secretary and Treasurer
J. W. S. Rhea.....Faculty Representative
A. B. Curry.....Faculty Representative

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION—1908-'09.


M
U
S

Football Team 1906

R. G. Robb	Manager
J. D. Myers	Captain
E. W. Holladay	Coach

J. M. Grider	Left End
H. Luehrmann	Left Tackle
W. J. Northcross	Left Guard
S. S. Wilson	Center
R. Orgill	Right Guard
R. D. Andrews, M. Callicott	Right Tackle
C. R. Cash	Right End
J. A. Davant	Quarterback
C. Hartzell	Right Halfback
N. G. Sherman	Left Halfback
J. D. Myers	Fullback

Substitutes

N. Johnson — M. G. Carter

W. J. Moon — Van Love

Games

Oct. 13—	M. U. S. 18	Fitzgerald	0
Oct. 20—	M. U. S. 0	S. W. B. U.	0
Nov. 3—	M. U. S. 0	Mississippi 2nd	6
Nov. 10—	M. U. S. 0	A. M. A.	25
Nov. 24—	M. U. S. 25	O. T. S.	0
Nov. 29—	M. U. S. 0	Conder	11
	M. U. S. 43		42

FOOTBALL TEAM '06
Andrews, Johnson, N., Hartzell, C., Holladay, (Coach), Myers, (Captain) Sherman, Moon, Grider, Robb, (Manager) Orgill, Wilson, S., Northcross, Luehrmnan, Callcott, Cash, Davant, A.

Football Team 1907

C. E. Moran ..... Manager
N. G. Sherman ..... Captain
A. B. Curry ..... Coach

J. M. Grider ..... Left End
W. J. Northcross ..... Left Tackle
G. J. Eckert ..... Left Guard
M. G. Carter ..... Center
M. E. Carter ..... Right Guard
H. Benedict, H. Luehrmann ..... Right Tackle
P. Pidgeon ..... Right End
J. A. Davant ..... Quarterback
J. D. Myers ..... Right Halfback
N. G. Sherman ..... Left Halfback
J. T. Erb ..... Fullback

Substitutes

J. N. Grant — W. J. Moon — A. E. Wardle
A. C. Jones — W. R. Young

Games

Oct. 26—M. U. S. 85	N. C. T. S.	0
Oct. 19—M. U. S. 66	Fitzgerald	0
Oct. 5—M. U. S. 38	Union	0
Nov. 2—M. U. S. 12	Mississippi 2nd	5
Nov. 16—M. U. S. 11	McTyeire	18
Nov. 23—M. U. S. 6	M. H. S.	0
Nov. 28—M. U. S. 12	B. & H.	0
M. U. S. 230		23

FOOTBALL TEAM '07

Davant, A., Young, R., Jones, A., Pidgeon Curry, (Coach), Erb, Myers, Grant, N. Luehrmann, Moon, Rhea, Moran (Manager), Mimms, Northcross, Benedict, Sherman (Capt.) Eckert, Wardle, E., Carter, G., Carter, M. E.

Football Team 1908

A. F. Smits ..... Manager
G. J. Eckert ..... Captain
A. B. Curry ..... Coach

F. W. Smythe ..... Left End
J. N. Grant ..... Left Tackle
W. C. Hunter ..... Left Guard
H. L. Buckingham ..... Center
J. M. Applewhite ..... Right Guard
G. J. Eckert ..... Right Tackle
A. C. Jones ..... Right End
J. H. Francis ..... Quarterback
H. Seehorn ..... Right Halfback
J. M. Grider ..... Left Halfback
W. J. Northcross ..... Fullback

Substitutes

J. Ellett — C. J. Wagner — R. H. Beard

Games

Oct. 3	M. U. S. 0	University of Mississippi, 30
Oct. 10	M. U. S. 32	Y. M. C. A., 0
Oct. 24	M. U. S. 47	P. & S., 0
Oct. 31	M. U. S. 5	B. T. S. 15
Nov. 7	M. U. S. 4	Union, 11
Nov. 14	M. U. S. 36	Fitzgerald, 6
Nov. 16	M. U. S. 14	M. H. S., 10
	M. U. S. 139	72

FOOTBALL TEAM 1908
Smits, (Manager), Harris, (Assistant Manager), Ellett, Seehorn, Northcross, Grider, Wagner, Curry, (Coach), Applewhite, Buckingham, L., Francis, Grant, N., Hunter, W., Beard, Smythe, Eckert, Jones.

ECKERT, Captain

Baseball Team 1907

John K. Speed ..... *Captain*
R. G. Robb ..... *Manager*
E. W. Halladay ..... *Coach*

A. Davant ..... Catcher
J. Myers, C. Cash ..... Pitchers
W. J. Moon ..... First Base
S. Session ..... Second Base
J. K. Speed ..... Short Stop
C. Cash, J. Myers ..... Third Base
C. Hartzell ..... Left Field
G. Sherman ..... Center Field
J. Francis ..... Right Field

Games

I. U. S.	11	S. W. B. U.	4
M. U. S.	5	S. W. B. U.	14
M. U. S.	9	University Training School	2
M. U. S.	5	Memphis High School	3
M. U. S.	5	Memphis High School	3
M. U. S.	2	Jackson High School	1
M. U. S.	9	Fitzgerald.	1
M. U. S.	8	Ogilvie	1
Total, M. U. S.	54	Total, opponents	29

BASEBALL TEAM, 1907.
Holladay (coach), Hartzell C., Taylor S., Moon, Robb (manager), Sessions, Cash, Speed, Sherman, Francis, Myers J., Davant A.

Baseball Team 1908

Mr. Smits ..... *Manager*
Mr. Moran ..... *Coach*
William Moon ..... *Captain*

John Erb ..... Catcher
J. Myers, W. Hunter ..... Pitchers
William Moon ..... First Base
Allison Davant ..... Second Base
John K. Speed ..... Shortstop
Sidney Sessions ..... Third Base
Starke Taylor ..... Left Field
Granville Sherman ..... Center Field
Joe Francis ..... Right Field

Substitutes

Willie Herrin — Phil Pidgeon

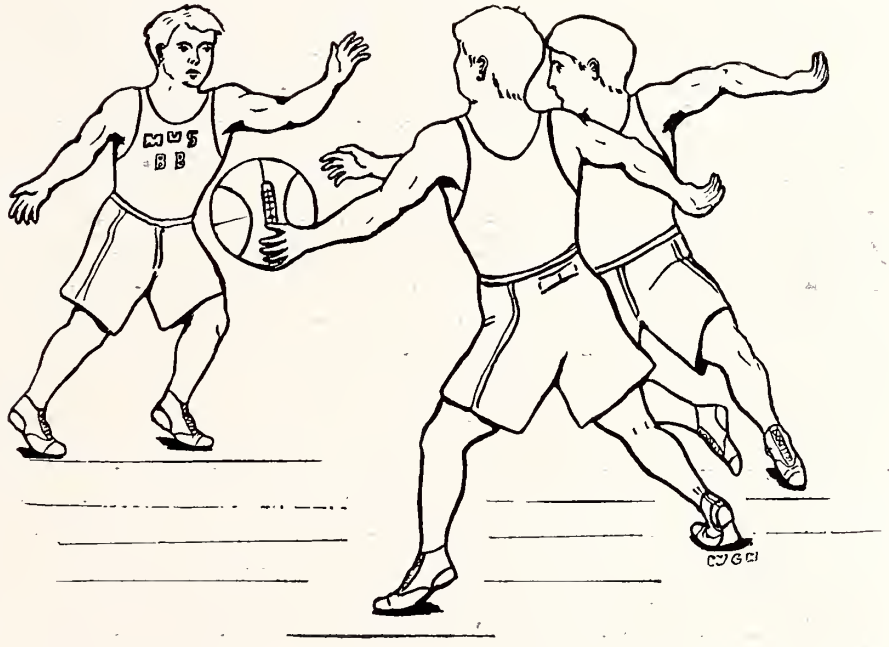
Games

M. U. S.	1	U. of M.	7
M. U. S.	0	U. of M.	6
M. U. S.	1	U. of M.	0
M. U. S.	11	M. H. S.	2
M. U. S.	5	M. H. S.	2
M. U. S.	5	M. H. S.	0
M. U. S.	5	O. T. S.	4
M. U. S.	5	O. T. S.	4
M. U. S.	4	McTyeire	6
M. U. S.	2	McTyeire	4
Total, M. U. S.	39	Total, opponents	35

BASEBALL TEAM '08
Smits, (Manager), Carter, G., Sherman, Taylor, S., Myers, Francis, Moran, (Coach), Speed, Moon, (Captain), Davant, Sessions, Hunter, W., Erb.

BASEBALL TEAM, 1909.

Smits Taylor Browne
Sternberger Hunter Eckert Riley Applewhite
Rosenfield Carloss Buckingham, L. Nathan Wilkinson
Jones Francis


MUS
BB

Basketball 1907

Robinson ..... *Substitute*
R. G. Robb ..... *Manager*
A. D. Browne ..... *Coach*

Line-up

Myers (c) ..... Forward
Taylor ..... Forward
Hartzell ..... Center
Seabrook ..... Guard
Sherman ..... Guard

Games

M. U. S.	15	Fitzgerald	17
M. U. S.	12	Y. M. C. A.	14
M. U. S.	14	Y. M. C. A.	8
M. U. S.	18	M. H. S.	6
M. U. S.	12	M. H. S.	10
M. U. S.	11	Fitzgerald	15
M. U. S.	10	Fitzgerald	15

BASKETBALL TEAM, 1907.
Taylor S., Robinson, Sessions, Sherman (captain), Seabrook, Hartzell, Heard
Holladay (coach).

Basketball 1908

Robinson	Center
Hunter	Forward
Sessions	Forward
Heard	Guard
Sherman (c)	Guard

Taylor, Davant	*Substitutes*
A. F. Smits	*Manager*
A. F. Smits	*Coach*

City League Standing

	Won	*Lost*	*Pct.*
1—Y. M. C. A., Meteors	6	4	.667
2—M. H. S.	5	5	.500
3—M. U. S.	4	5	.444
4—P. & S.	4	5	.444

Outside Game

M. U. S.	15	Jonesboro High	28

BASKETBALL TEAM, 1908.
Moran (manager), Heard, Hartzell, G., Taylor, S., Smits (coach), Robinson, Davant, A., Sherman (captain), Sessions, Hunter, W.

Basketball 1909

Line-up

Taylor	Forward
Hunter (c)	Forward
Grant	Center
Smythe	Guard
Eckert	Guard

Wardle, Ellett	*Substitutes*
A. F. Smits	*Manager*
A. T. Browne	*Coach*

City League Standing

	Won	*Lost*	*Pct.*
1—P. &. S.	6	4	.600
2—M. U. S.	5	5	.500
3—Y. M. C. A., Meteors	5	5	.500
4—M. H. S.	3	6	.333

Outside Games

M. U. S.	15	Union	28
M. U. S.	22	Y. M. C. A., Greens	20
M. U. S.	35	Fitzgerald	18
M. U. S.	43	Union	31

BASKETBALL TEAM, '09.

Wardle Eckert Ellett Brown Hunter Smits Taylor Smythe Grant

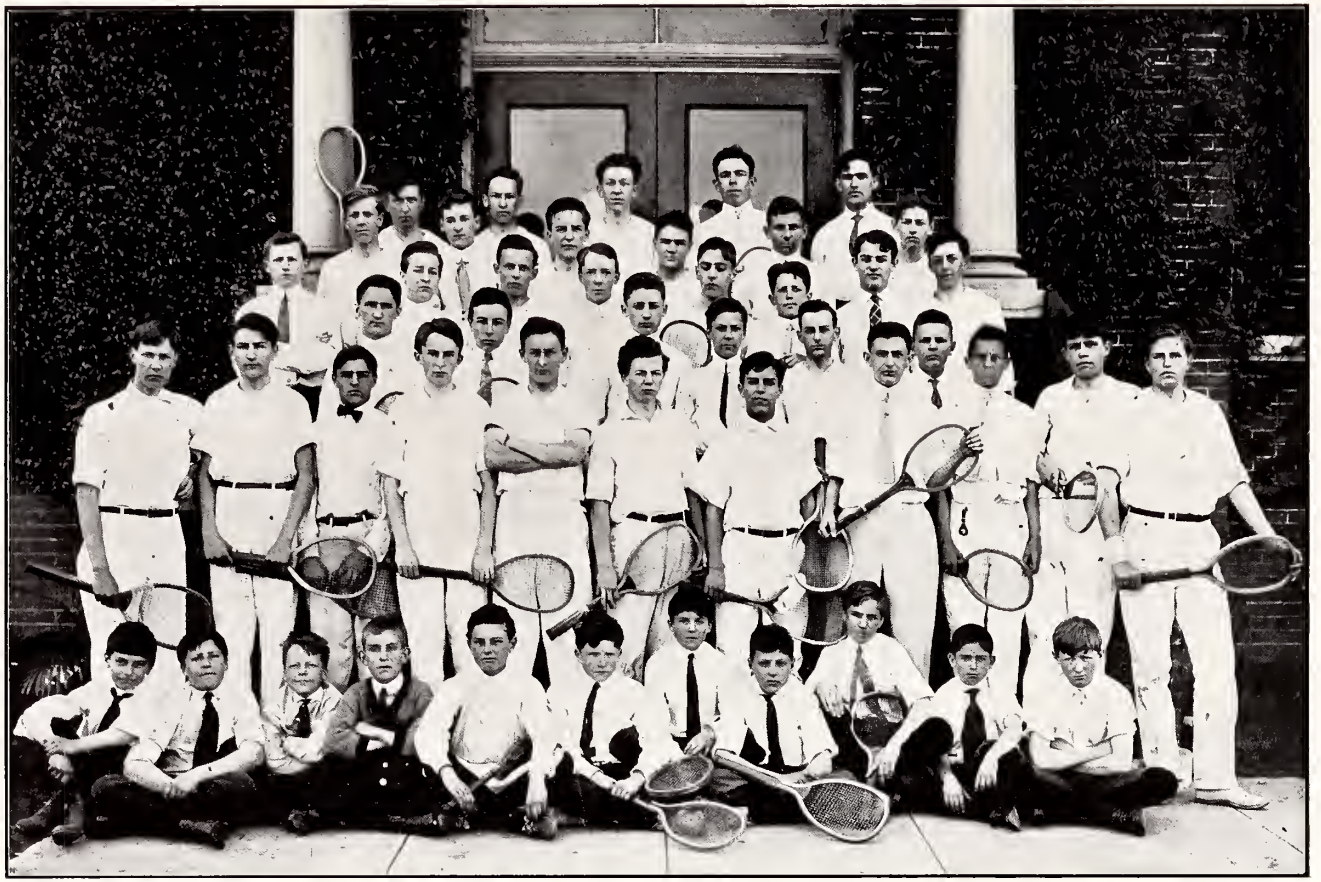
Tennis Club

Officers

Robert McKellar.....*President*
Arthur Jones.....*Vice-President*
Arthur Fulmer.....*Secretary and Treasurer*
Mr. A. B. Curry.....*Faculty Manager of the Courts*

Members

Applewhite, D.
Armstrong, E.
Armstrong, O.
Austin
Beard
Bond
Boone
Brown
Bruce
Buckingham, R.
Busby, L.
Busby, R.
Carloss
Darnell, H.
Dies
Donelson, J.
Eckert, G.
Edrington
Ellett
Faison, G.
Faison, J.
Farnsworth
Francis
Fulmer
Gabay
Goza
Harris, J.
Henry
Hirsh
Jeter
Jones
Kennedy
Kern
Knowlton
Lacey
Lake
Loeb, W.
Lucas
Marks, J.
Marks, R.
Mathis
McKellar
McNees
Morrow
Nathan
Northcross
Pearson
Pidgeon, F.
Rosenfield, A.
Saunders, D.
Scruggs
Smithwick
Smythe
Stovall
Townes
Wardle
Watson



TENNIS CLUB.

HERZENRUF

Out of the East I come to thee
  On the wings of a sunrise cloud,
And I called to your heart to answer me
  In the stir of the waking day.

Out of the West I call to thee
  In the last pale flush of the sky,
When the lingering ghosts of daylight flee,
  And the voices of twilight die.

Out of the North my call is blown
  And it thunders aloud in the blast,
And it sobs in the pine tree's bitter moan,
  Where the Phantom of Winter passed.

Out of the South the call comes low
  In the breath of the summer night;
And I would, I would that your heart might know
  How I long for your smile tonight.

—*A. B. C.*

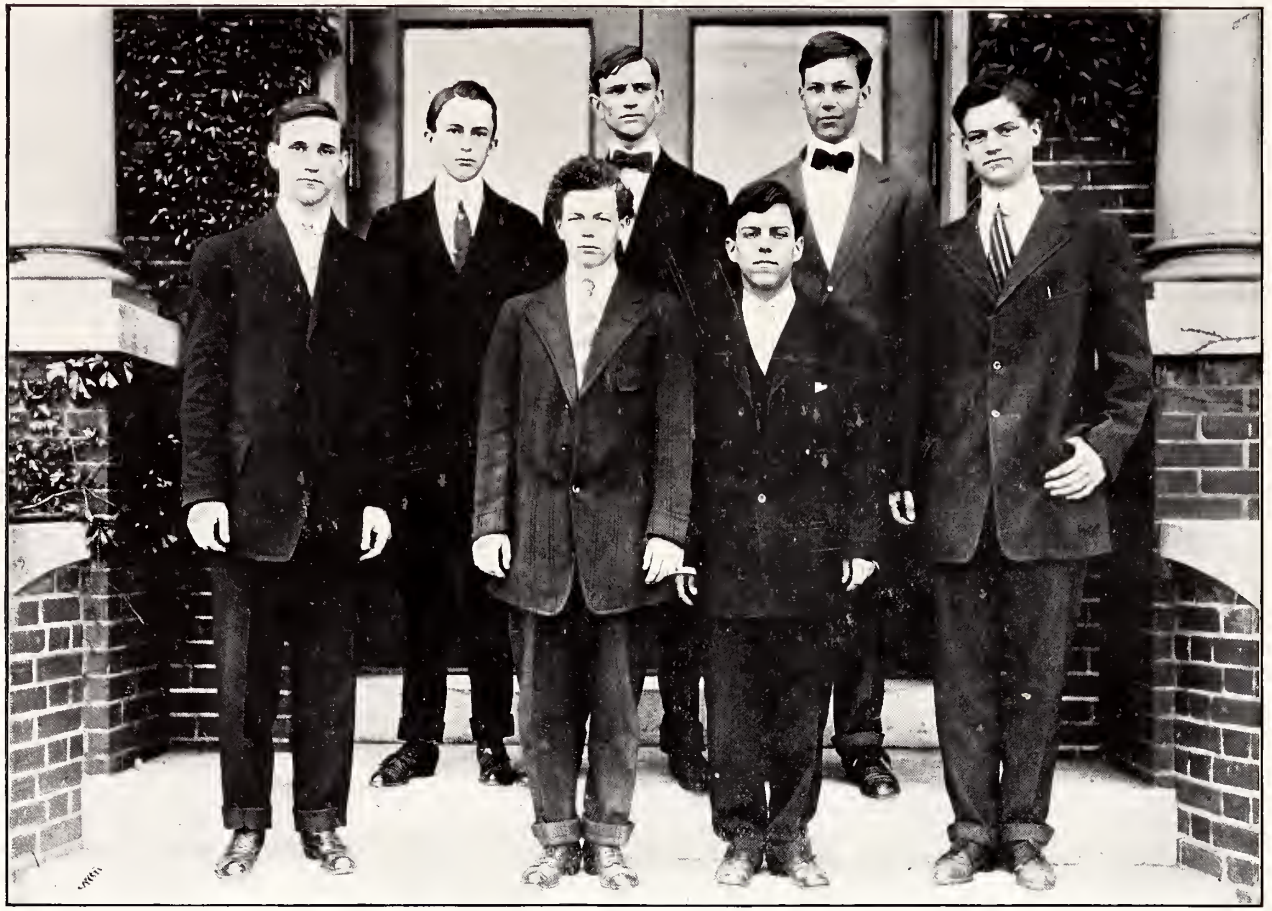
Debate

JEFFERSONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

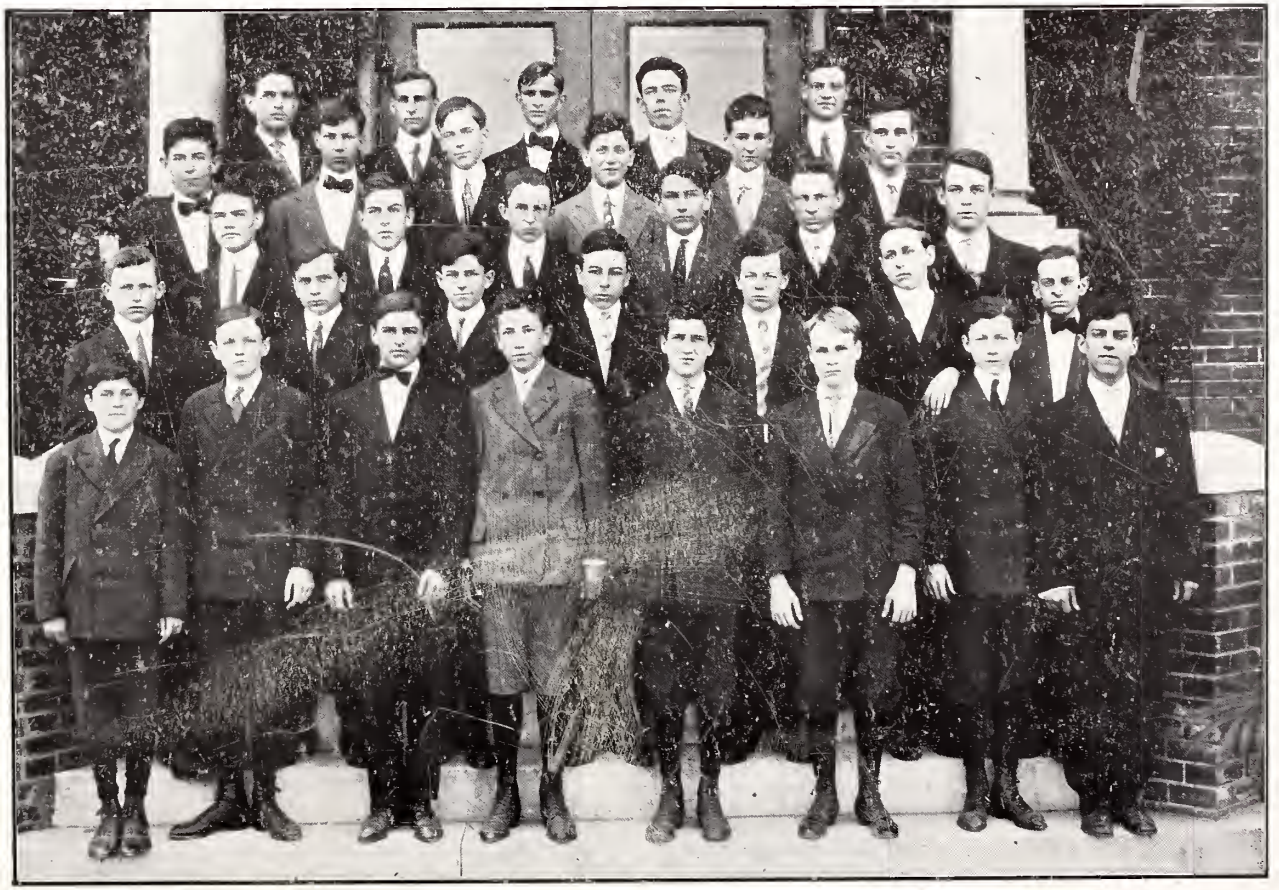
First Term.		*Second Term.*
HARRIS, J.	*President*	LUCAS
MCKELLAR	*Vice-President*	HUNTER
ELLETT	*Secretary*	ECKERT
TAYLOR, S.	*Treasurer*	ELLETT

Members

APPLEWHITE, J.
BOND
BUCKINGHAM, E.
BUCKINGHAM, R.
DARNELL, H.
DRIVER, S.
ECKERT
ELLETT
EVANS
GALBREATH
GOZA
GRANT, D.
GRANT, N.
HARRIS, J.
HENRY
HUNTER, R.
HUNTER, W.
KENNEDY
LOEB
LUCAS
MACRAE
MARKS, R.
MCKELLAR
NATHAN
NORTHCROSS
RILEY
ROSENFIELD, A.
SHEPHERD
SMYTHE
TAYLOR, S.
WARDLE
WILKINSON
YOUNG



OFFICERS JEFFERSONIAN SOCIETY.



JEFFERSONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

LETTER MEN

A. C. Jones, football, '08.

R. H. Beard, Football, '08.

C. J. Wagner, football, '08.

W. J. Northcross, football, '08.

H. A. Wardle, basketball, '09.

J. M. Applewhite, football, '08.

H. L. Buckingham, football, '08.

J. Ellett, football, '08; basketball, '09.

G. J. Eckert, football, '08; basketball, '09.

J. N. Grant, football, '08; basketball, '09.

F. W. Smythe, football, '08; basketball, '09.

A. S. Taylor, basketball, '09; baseball, '09.

J. H. Francis, football, '08; baseball, '08; basketball, '09.

W. C. Hunter, football, '08; baseball, '08; basketball, '09.

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FULMER	*Vice-President*	L. BUCKINGHAM
WATSON	*Secretary*	LACEY
O. ARMSTRONG	*Treasurer*	FULMER

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ARMSTRONG, G.
ARMSTRONG, O.
BEARD
BOONE
BUCKINGHAM, L.
BUSBY, L.
CARLOSS
CRAWFORD, M.
DONELSON, A.
DONELSON, J.
FARNSWORTH
FRANCIS
FULGHUM
FULMER
GILFILLAN
HALL
HIRSH
JAMES
JETER
JONES
KNOWLTON
LACEY
LOWENSTEIN
MATHIS
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SMITHWICK
STERNBERGER
TURNER
WAGNER
WATSON
WITZMANN

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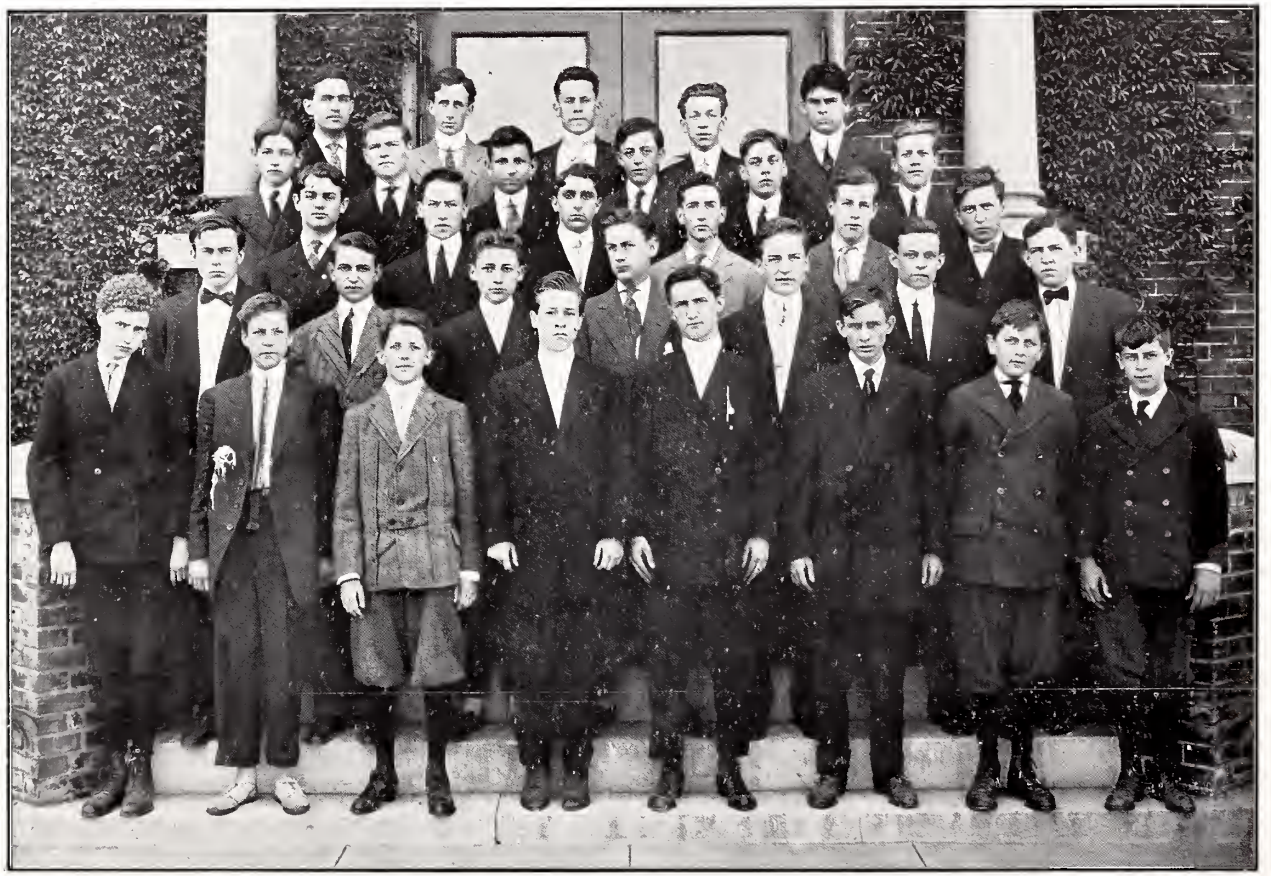


HAMILTONIAN SOCIETY.

SIDNEY FARNSWORTH.
An expression by the Board of its appreciation of willing service in behalf of the Annual.

TREED BY A MOOSE

Nearly every country town has its group of loafers, and Marston Station, in Northern Maine, was no exception to this rule. In good weather they would sit on the station platform smoking and chewing, and discussing things which were everybody's business but theirs. But this morning the snow had driven them inside, and they were congregated around the agent's stove, each taking his turn at entertaining the crowd with a story of some sort.

Finally, the supply becoming exhausted, and there still being some time left before the Limited, southbound from Portland, was due, young Buck Parker made a suggestion:

"Say, Uncle Henry, tell us that story about your uncle being treed by the moose. You know, the one you told the other night over at Squire Lane's."

With much apparent reluctance, Uncle Henry, a gray-haired New Englander, consented to tell the story.

"My uncle, William Brooks, was a great hunter, in fact he spent the most of his time in the woods. He would often go off on a hunting trip and stay for weeks at a time. So that after a time we got used to his long absence, and were rarely ever uneasy about him.

"Early in February, 1899, he started out on a moose hunt which he said might keep him away quite a while, as he was going far to the northeast. He traveled steadily for about six days, then came to the dense forests which cover the northern part of the State. In the first clearing he came to he unloaded his pack and prepared his camp.

"As he expected to remain some time, he had brought his entire outfit, and in an hour he had made a snug little hut for himself. He rested the remainder of that day, and the next morning he was up bright and early, preparing his breakfast.

"He got an early start, and traveled all morning, but without seeing signs of any game. He kept on, however, and toward two o'clock he discovered moose tracks in the snow. He followed these, advancing with more caution than he had hitherto shown. The tracks led him for some distance through the thick woods. Then, quite unexpectedly, Will came to a clearing in the middle of the forest. Here he stopped still, unable for an instant, to resist the temptation to stand and look.

"A beautiful specimen of the moose was standing, head erect, sniffing the air in the center of the clearing. His curiosity seemed to have over-

come his sense of danger, and for a few moments he gazed at the hunter fearlessly. Those few moments were all that Will needed and, without hesitating longer, he brought his Winchester to his shoulder and fired.

"Either the moment's hesitation had disturbed his aim or else the moose jumped at the same time that he fired, for the ball, instead of entering low down under the shoulder blade, inflicted only a slight wound in the animal's side. Instead of frightening him this seemed only to excite his anger, and he started towards the hunter. The latter, seeing that something was wrong, jerked down the lever of his repeater and attempted to throw in a fresh cartridge. But somehow the mechanism refused to work and the shell became jammed.

"This left Will in anything but a pleasant predicament, and he quickly decided that the safest thing for him to do was to climb a tree. So he grasped the bottom limb of a stout sapling and swung himself up just in time to escape the moose's horns. Once out of reach of the menacing horns he straddled a limb and summed up the situation.

"In his scramble for safety he had dropped his gun, and there he was, armed only with his hunting knife, and with a bloodthirsty brute waiting for him below.

" 'I certainly am 'up a tree,' ' exclaimed Will with a grim smile. 'I guess it's up to me to wait and see what happens.'

"His position was by no means a comfortable one and, being naturally impatient, he could not endure inaction. So he immediately commenced to plan how to get away. After racking his brain in vain for some way out of the difficulty, he decided to attempt the most reckless thing he ever did. He climbed down to one of the lower limbs, drew his hunting knife and prepared to leap upon the moose hovering about the base of the tree. He counted on lighting on the moose's back and plunging his knife into a vital spot before that animal had time to do anything.

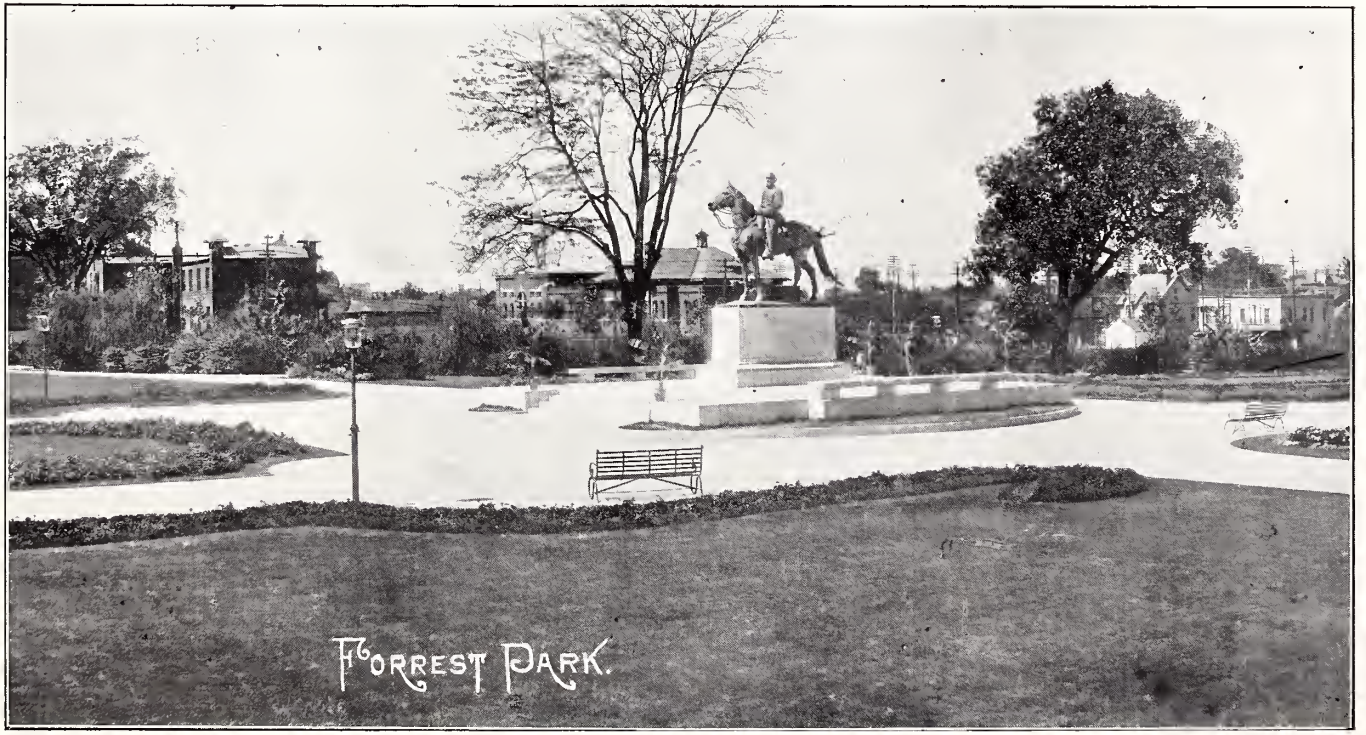
"Of course he felt that it was a foolhardy thing to do, but he gave as an excuse that no one knew where he was and so wouldn't come to his rescue.

"Once having made up his mind he didn't delay longer. He stepped out on the limb, grasped his knife firmly, and sprang lightly through the air. His knife flashed and——"

Uncle Henry's next words were drowned by a loud rumbling, the shriek of a whistle, the clanging of a bell and the hissing of the air as the brakes are released.

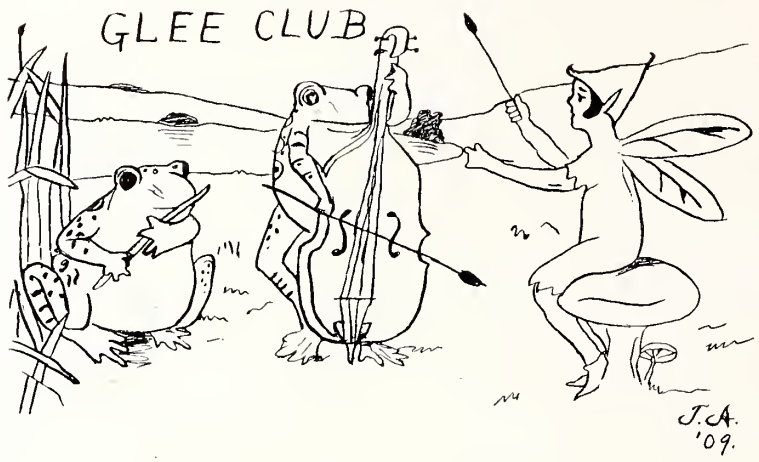
Some one shouted, "That's the Limited," and the group around the stove broke up and made for the door.

—*R. E. McKellar.*


FORREST PARK.

CLUBS

M.U.S.



Turner ..... *Leader*

Gabay .....
Kern ..... *Violin*
Darnell .....

E. Armstrong .....
O. Armstrong .....
Macrae .....
Henry ..... *Mandolin*
Jones .....
Mathis .....
Hirsh .....

Curry .....
Guitar
Lacey .....

James ..... *Cornet*

GLEE CLUB.

DRAMATIC CLUB

Company

Little Rosie ..... *Hero*
Dudley Dunn ..... *Heroine*
Clarke Knowlton ..... *Villain*
Gilfillan ..... *Villain's Accomplice*
Tuggle ..... *Comedian*

Supes

W. Hunter ..... *Big Supe*
R. Marks ..... *Little Supe*
E. Lacey ..... *Thin Supe*

Plays Produced

"Five Afternoons in a Study Hall." ..... *By Mr. Beard*
"A Student's Wrongs." ..... *By Mr. Francis*
"The Curse of Knowledge." ..... *By Mr. Wilkinson*
"Piffles," a Tragedy ..... *By Mr. Edrington*

CALICO CLUB

Founded Friday, February 13, under the auspices of the Fair Goddess Dunn.

Every member is required to have at least one fair maid, who is the idol of his heart.

Members in ordinary are the bucks who make the regular rounds every Sunday.

New members are admitted on confession of their love.

OFFICERS

A. Jones.....*High Authority on Quality*
McKellar .....*Mighty Rusher*
W. Hunter, Wagner, Applewhite .....*Leaders in the Barn Dance*
Edrington .....*Theatre Beau*
Northcross .....*The Auto Kid*

MEMBERS IN ORDINARY

O. Armstrong	S. Taylor	Francis
A. J. Donelson, I. J. Ellett	Turner	Knowlton
Fulmer	Darnell	D. Grant

NEW MEMBERS

Applewhite	Goza	L. Buckingham
Eckert	W. Hunter	J. Harris
M. Crawford	Wagner	

DOUBTFUL MEMBERS

Fulghum	W. Riley	A. J. Donelson, II.

BACHELORS

N. Grant	Lacey	A. Wardle

Songs:—"Sweet-heart Days," composed by our poet and songster, Northcross. "Oh! Won't You Be Mine?"

Colors:—Purple and Green.

Toast:—"Here's to Our Sweet-hearts."

KODAK CLUB

COLORS:—Black and White.
MOTTO:—Take Everything in Sight.
WARNING TO OUTSIDERS:—Look Pleasant.

Requirements for Admission:—

1—Not to be afraid of a dark room.

2—To be impervious to the effects of hyperoxymuriatic and other acids.

3—A thorough knowledge of Eastman's "How to Take Pictures," and the "Velox Book."

OFFICERS

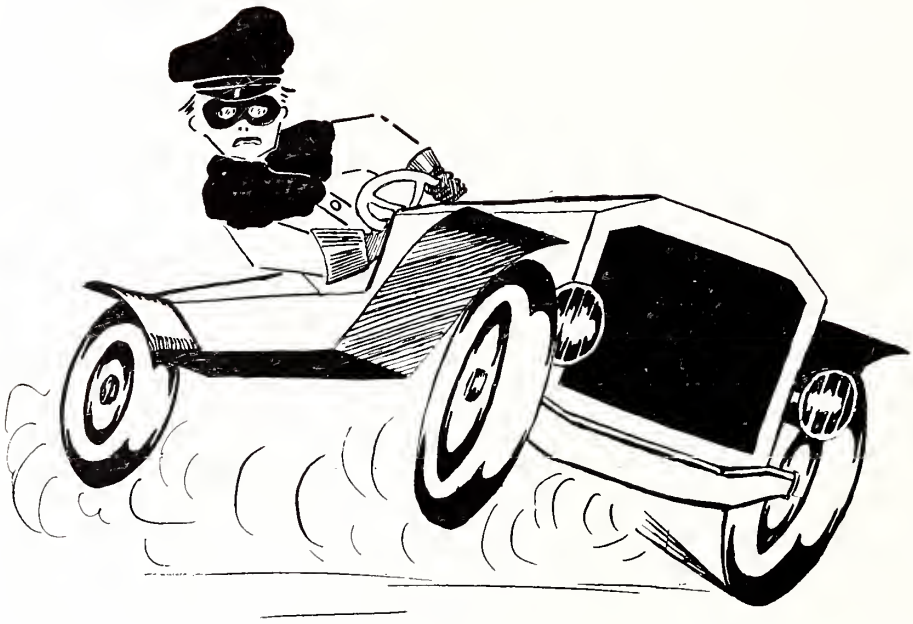
Turner ..... *Chief Snapper*

O. Armstrong, James ..... *Assistant Snappers*

W. Hunter, Dunn ..... *Dark Room Experts*

RAGING FIENDS

Boone, Donelson, J., Mathis, Faison, C.
McKellar, Fulmer, Watson



AUTO CLUB

"Snap" Lacey ..... *Head Crank*
"Beauty" Block ..... *Auto Buster*
"Sig" Grant ..... *Police Pacifier*

MEMBERS

Fulmer ..... *Expert Chauffeur*
Hirsh ..... *Gas Tank*
Lowenstein ..... *Dog Assassin*
Northcross ..... *Large Noise*
Francis ..... *Exhaust*

EVER-READY BALLAST

Robt. L. Buckingham Fulghum S. Taylor Edrington

MEMBERSHIP REQUIREMENTS

"That every man must own an auto."
("Or know a friend that does.")

YELL

Benzine, gasoline,
Wonk! Wonk! Wonk!
Horseless carriage, benzine buggy,
Honk! Honk! Honk!

COLORS:—Blue Streak.

FARMERS' UNION

Purpose:—

The purpose of this union is to promote the interests of education among the young men of the rural districts, and incidentaly to buy as many "gold bricks" as possible.

Colors	*Emblem*	*Flower*
RED AND GREEN	"GOLD BRICK"	CAULIFLOWER

President ..... "Rube" Pearson
Vice-President ..... "Si" Schmidt
Secretary and Treasurer ..... "Hiram" Tuggle

Papers Read During Year.

"How to Mow an Overcrop of Whiskers." ..... *W. C. Boone*
"A Treatise on the Sowing of Wild Oats." ..... *L. Buch*
"How to Start a Farm in Your Own Back Yard." ..... *"Country" Wilkerson*
"An Essay on an Energetic Farmer." (showing how a young farmer gets up at 3:00 a. m., milks the cows, brings in the coal and wood, works in the garden, eats breakfast and hustles off to school) ..... *President Pearson*

ROOTERS' CLUB

They are noisy. They wear "loud" socks. They compose that ferocious military band of the Memphis University School, called the "Rooters."

Arms:—Megaphones.
Ammunition:—Hot Air.
Side-Arms:—Red and Blue Banners.

OFFICERS

Sternberger ..... *Cheer Leader*
Taylor ..... *President*

MEMBERS

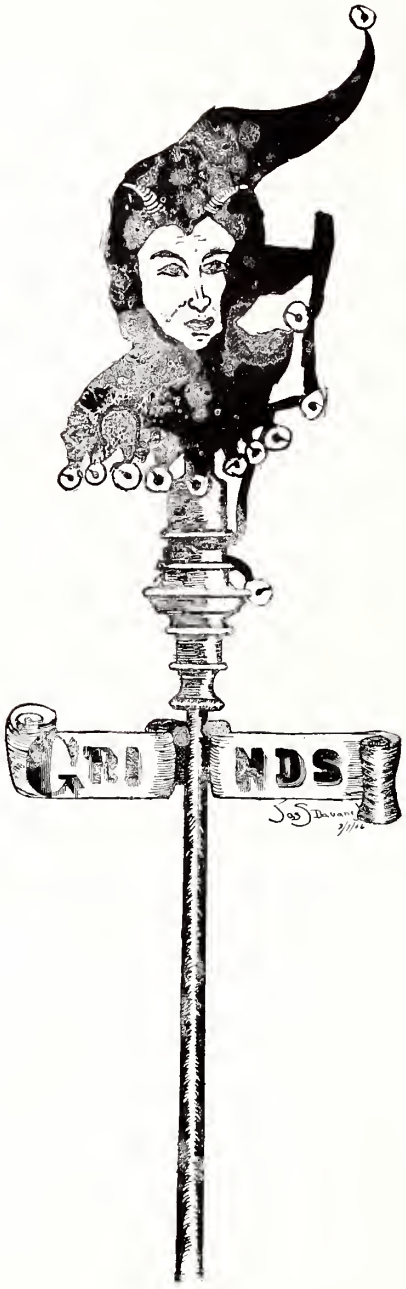
The Whole School.

YELLS

Rah! Rah! Rah! M. U. S.
Rah! Rah! Rah! M. U. S.
Rah! Rah! Rah! M. U. S.
——(whistle)——boom! M. U. S.

Kemo, Kimo, Derimo,
Meke, Meka, Merumstrum,
Pumpernickle, Soupback,
Tiddlewink–a–nick–nack,
Sing a song of Polly–won't–you,
Kemo, Kimo, Kemo, Kap,
M. U. S. Rah! Rah! Rah!

With a vevo, with a vivo;
With a vevo, vivo, vumvo!
Johnny get a rat trap bigger than a cat trap!
Johnny get a cat trap bigger than a rat trap!
Cannibal! Cannibal!
Sis! Boom! Bah!
M. U. S. Rah! Rah! Rah!



Woe unto those who cross this man.—Knowlton.

A man of generosity and good will.—Francis.

Curses on this impecunious state.—Smythe.

This happy youth
His lunch forsooth,
Does get by lunging,
Grabbing, sponging. —Lemon Buck.

In days of old,
When knights were bold,
And maidens fair were won.
They never had
A man so bad,
As daring Dudley Dunn.

Rosie's head,
And Ellett's, too,
Seems to be
But curls askew.

I, for one, do venerate a petticoat.—A Jones.

Before and after taking Mellen's Food.—Franklin and Withers

Believe me, he has occasional flashes of silence.—Edrington.

It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into his understanding.—O. Armstrong.

I would not if I could be gay.—Tuggle.

An oyster may be crossed in love.—Donelson, I.

Of course we are the wisest and brightest of men.—M. U. S.-Kito Board.

This man's a riddle which man can't expound.—M. Crawford.

Judge me not by my complexion.—Hirsh.

Who thinks too little and who talks too much.—Hays.

Resolved to ruin or to rule the State.—Francis.

His bark is worse than his bite.—L. Busby.

Men may come and men may go, but I stay here forever.—N. Grant.

The long and the short of it.—S. Taylor and R. Buck.

Children should be seen, not heard.—Lucas.

Oft did a maidenly blush suffuse my cheeks.—Donelson, I.

Oh, sleep! It is a blesed thing beloved from pole to pole.—Carloss.

He's more to be pitied than censured.—Wilkinson.

Fools rush in where wise men fear to tread.—Livy Class.

Above the vulgar flight of common souls.—S. Taylor.

Fair as a siren, yet false as her song.—Francis.

Colder than the winds that freeze.—M. Crawford.

Boldly he knocks at Wisdom's inmost gate.—R. Young.

He wears the helpless look of blooming infancy.—Dies.

He takes to Latin as an old hen takes to water.—Beard.

He thinks with his wagging tongue to persuade you.—L. Busby.

I warn you, he's given to fibbing.—?

He is perfect, past all parallel.—Shepherd.

Virtue he finds too painful an endeavor.—L. Buck.

Fair maids, beware this charmer.—McKellar.

He knows little Latin and less Greek.—Carloss.

Most good things come in small packages.—W. Crawford.

Yon fellow has a lean and hungry look.—Lacey.

Foolish, yet quite harmless.—Kennedy.

So lady-like, and so demure.—Dunn.

Many a fair maid might well envy his curly locks.—Ellett.

FRESH AIR BOYS, 1908-09.

FRESH AIR BOYS

Applewhite, D.
Austin
Bell
Block
Bluthenthal
Boone
Brasfield
Bruce
Buckingham, E.
Buckingham, L.
Busby, R.
Conn
Crawford, A.
Crawford, W.
Darnell, H.
Dies
Donelson, J.
Driver, S.
Ellett
Faison, G.
Faison, J.
Falls
Franklin
Fulghum
Fulmer
Gabay
Galbreath
Goltman
Goza
Graves
Halliburton
Harris, J.
Harris, L.
Henry
Hill
Hunter, R.
Jeter
Jones
Kennedy
Kern
Knowlton, C.
Lake, D.
Love
Lucas
Mathis
Maury
McKellar
McNees
Mooney, H.
Morrow
Nathan
Orgill
Patton
Pidgeon, F.
Pidgeon, W.
Reilly, L.
Riley, W.
Rosenfield, W.
Russell, E.
Shepherd
Smythe
Snowden
Sternberger
Stovall
Taylor, E.
Waddell
Watson
Wilkinson
Williams
Withers
Wright
York
Young

SAYINGS FROM THE PIE HOUSE

A pie in the hand is worth two in the pie house.

To buy lunch is human; to have it given you—divine.

The greatest argument for lunch is lunch.

Few know the taste of lunch before it's swallowed.

A big lunch is a dangerous thing.

In every mince pie there is an image of death.

It's a poor pie that wont fill two mouths.

From mouth to mouth leaps the mince pie.

Give me a sandwich or give me a pie.

No lunch is so big but that it may be eaten,

Pie shuddered in his presence and sandwiches always felt his grasping hand.

Better not to eat at all than to eat the whole thing.

To bring your own lunch is the best policy.

'Tis hunger lends enchantment to the pie.

A fool and his lunch soon parted.

Teach me to bring another lunch
To feed the mouths I see;
The pie that I to others give
Is doctored up by me.

All is not lunch that is savory.

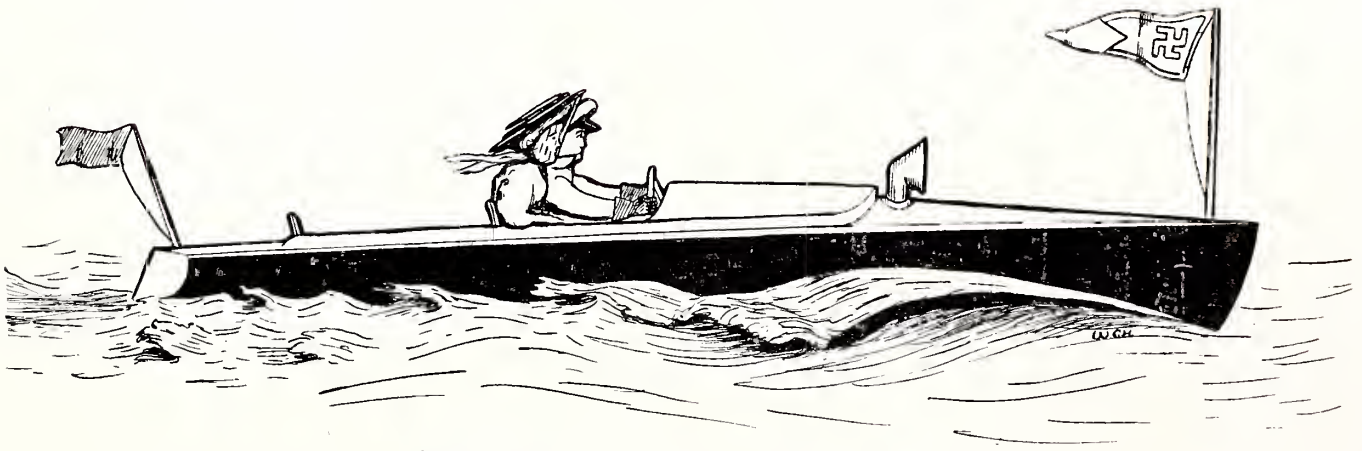
Eat or drink, go thirsty or hungry, starve or get fat; I give my hand and my nickel for this pie.

Dinners are but lunches of a larger growth.

Hunger springs eternal in the school-boy's abdomen.

Eat ever, hungry never;
Eat never, hungry ever.

Hungry men rush in where well fed ones fear to tread.



BOAT CLUB

SCHOOL SONGS

(*Tune*: "*Auld Lang Syne.*")

That good old song of M. U. S.,
We'll sing it o'er and o'er;
It cheers our hearts and warms our blood
To yell and shout and roar.
We come from dear old M. U. S.,
Where life is bright and gay;
Let's all together give a yell,
For we'll beat —— today!

THE RUSHING SONG

Our boys are on the football field
They've gathered for the fray;
The Memphis yell is in the air,
We've come to win today.
We'll teach the game of football
To our friends across the State,
While we are shouting for Memphis.

Chorus—

Then rush! Oh, rush!
We'll rush the ball along;
A kick, a shove—
We'll send it through the throng,
No line can stop our fellows
In their rushes fierce and strong,
While we are shoutiing for Memphis.

(*Tune*: "*Grand Old Flag.*")

Rah for M. U. S.! You bet she'll do her best
When she bucks up against M. H. S.
She will play so well, they'll feel like—Oh!
Just see each man stand by his mates.
All our hearts beat true for the Red and the Blue,
When true friendship is seen to rule.
But, should auld acquaintance be forgot?
Keep your eye on the Red and Blue.

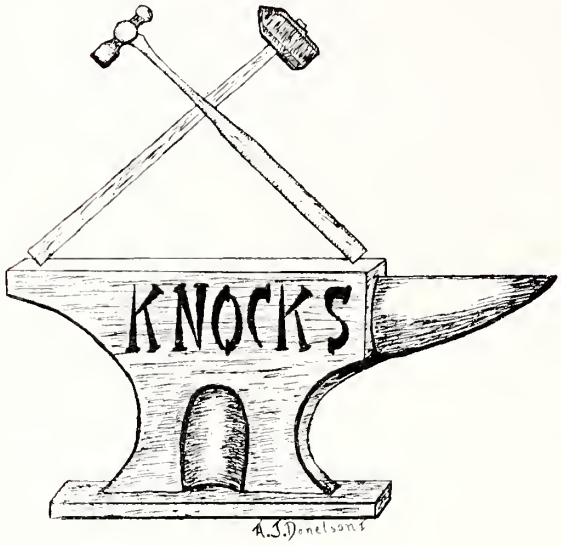
BOOLA SONG

Boola, Boola, Boola, Boola,
Boola, Boola, Boola, Boola,
When I meet my sweet Adelina,
Then she sings me her boola song:
Here's to M. U. S.!
Drink her down! Drink her down!
Here's to M. U. S.!
Drink her down! Drink her down!
Here's to M. U. S.! for
Her team is the best!
Drink her down,
Drink her down,
Drink her down, down, down.

(*Tune*: "*Tammany*.")

M. U. S., M. U. S., you are gaining on every down,
Making fame and great renown.
M. U. S., M. U. S., keep on gaining.
You are winning, M. U. S.

M.U.S.
1902



Mr. Curry—What was the name of the first regular English newspaper?
Graves—The Weekly News.
Reilly—How often was it published, Mr. Curry?

Mr. Werts—What is the English for that word, Lowenstein?
Lowenstein—I knew that word, Mr. Werts, but the minute you looked at me I forgot it.

Mr. Ford—Turner, will you translate, please?
Turner—Mr. Ford, I am not very familiar with the lesson today.

Francis—(translating William Tell)—"Then came the Brothers of Mercy."
Fulghum—Mr. Werts, wasn't that the Salvation Army?

King L. Buckingham—(running on the stage)—Alas! Alas! Life's but an empty dream.
Page Turner—What's the cause of thy distress, oh Sire?
King L. Buckingham—Bah! The fair Dunn hath spurned my love (draws sword and falls on it).

R. Buckingham—(translating Virgil)—"Then they arrived at Rhotian Shores and sook—I mean seeked, Mr. Wright—a place for a city."

❧

Stranger—What's that loud noise?

Watson—Oh, just Block's new shoes getting their first glimpse of Rosenfield's socks.

❧

Goltman—(greatly frightened)—Was that thunder that I heard?

Morrow—Why, no; that's Hunter and Applewhite doing the barn dance. Look! Ain't they cute?

❧

Mr. Smits—(hearing geometry class)—What is a "lune?"

Eighth Math. Class—(awful suspense).

Mr. Smits—Buckingham, you ought to be able to tell us that.

❧

Smythe—Give me a bite of pie, Toof.

T. Brown—Naw!

❧

Mr. Wright—Who lived in the Labyrinth?

R. Buckingham—Mr. Wright, I know—the crocodiles.

❧

Prof. Andrews—(addressing the writing class)—Draw a straight line on the board.

Class—What's the matter with that line?

H. Mooney—It's upside down.

❧

Watson—(translating Virgil)—"Ho! Fellow countrywomen."

R. Buckingham—Mr. Wright, oughn't that to be "Hello, girls?"

❧

Darnell—(translating German)—"And he seized her by the hand."

Mr. Ford—Not so strong, Darnell. That will do.

❧

S. Taylor—(scanning Virgil)—Mr. Wright, we had better take singing lessons to be able to scan this, hadn't we?

❧

R. Buckingham—(scanning Virgil).

Mr. Wright—That's better, Buckingham.

R. Buckingham—Mr. Wright, I spent forty-five minutes on these lines and drank four glasses of water.

Mr. Wright—Anything in the water, Buckingham?

PREP. SCHOOL DAYS

If, perchance, you turn these pages,
After you have gone your ways;
Pause a moment, let your memory
Take you back to prep. school days.

Think of all the boys you knew there—
All your friends at M. U. S.
Wonder whether in life's battle
They have failed or met success.

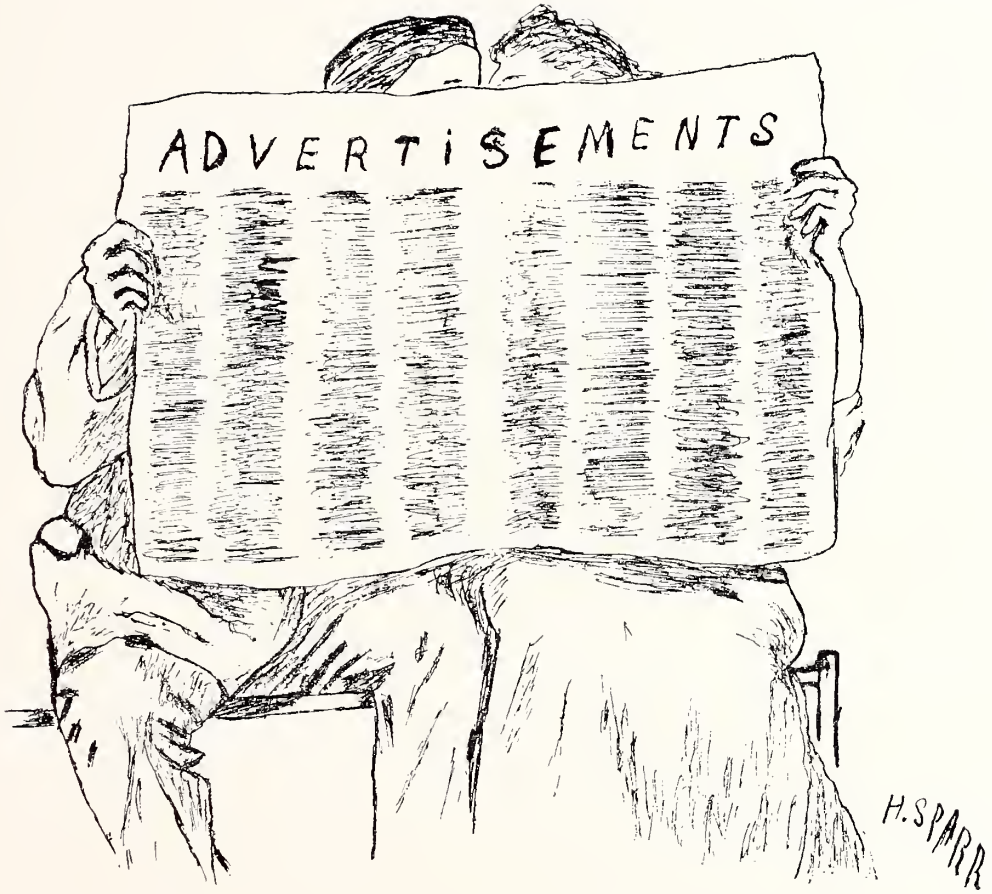
Smile and think of happy moments,
Of the tricks and pranks you played;
How you sometimes fooled the teacher;
How you sometimes "wrote" and "stayed."

Recollect those games of football,
Basketball and baseball, too,
When those boys you've near forgotten,
Helped you guard the Red and Blue.

Best of all, remember recess,
When each boy, with shouts and cries,
Jostled 'round the dear old lunch stand
Eating "dogs" and "puffs" and pies?

Let this Annual e'er remind you
That the days you love the best,
Were the days you spent at prep. school,
When you went to M. U. S.

—W. J. N.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